
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

FEBRUARY 1800.

MEMOIRS OF LORD HOOD.

VENTIS SECUNDIS.

FOR the frequent introduction of Naval characters into our Miscellany, we shall offer no apology. The recollection of our insular situation, and of the exploits performed by us on the ocean, forms a sufficient plea for our conduct. The protection of our lives and our property, is, in a measure, owing to our navy. An invasion is almost impossible. Britain is on every side surrounded, and secured by her courage and bravery.

LORD HOOD is a native of the West of England, which, from the maritime nature of its coasts has, at different times, produced many able sea-officers. This, likewise, is the probable reason of the subject of our Memoir having early turned his attention to the sea. Circumstances of this kind often determine the future complexion of our lives. So much are we under the influence of accidental things; great care therefore should be taken to guide the young mind in the proper application of its talents. Upon a 'wise appropriation of our powers depend both the prosperity and happiness of futurity.

We have not been able to learn the year in which his Lordship was born; but his appearance indicates that

he is in an advanced state of life. Indeed from the length of time he was in the navy, and the series of services which he has passed through, he cannot be very far from that period which comprehends the span usually assigned to mortality.

In 1759 we first hear of his taking the *Bellona*, a French vessel, after an action of considerable duration. Lord Anson, who sailed round the world, was so pleased with Lord Hood's conduct on this occasion, that he presented him to the King, who rewarded him by immediate promotion. He had given him the command of the *Africa* of sixty-four guns, in which he distinguished himself by his exertions against the common enemy.

In 1768 we are informed that he was destined to an American station. He was, at this time, hovering about the shores of the United States. At this early period he plainly saw the increasing ferment of the Americans, which, after a tedious and cruel war, terminated in a total disruption from the mother country.

After France had joined with America in the contest, his Lordship was sent to annoy the enemy in the West Indies. He took a considerable part in the famous action of the 12th of April, 1782, when Sir George Brydges Rodney obtained a complete victory. Count de Grasse was captured in the *Ville de Paris*, together with four other ships, besides one being sunk in the action. In his dispatches to government, the Commander in Chief mentions Lord Hood (then only Sir Samuel Hood, Bart.) with particular approbation. The commendation is too remarkable and impressive to be omitted on the present occasion. Such panegyrics ought not to be forgotten.

"The gallant behaviour," says Admiral Rodney, "of the officers and men of the fleet I have the honour to command, has been such as must for ever endear them to all the lovers of their king and country. The noble behaviour of my *second* in command, SIR SA-

MUEL

MUEL HOOD, Bart. who, in both actions, most conspicuously exerted himself, demands my warmest encomiums."

The 12th of April was a remarkable era in the American war; the victory of that day resounded through Britain, and will make a striking figure in the annals of our country. Soon after this period, however, the horrors of war ceased, a reconciliation was effected between America and England, and Peace, with balmy wing, once more shed her blessings on two distant regions of the earth!

Soon after this period Lord Hood became member for Westminster, in conjunction with that celebrated statesman Charles James Fox, whose talents and patriotism entitle him to universal admiration. This station, however, he did not long retain, for he was removed into the House of Peers.

In the course of the present unhappy war, his Lordship has distinguished himself chiefly on two occasions, the seizure of Toulon and the capture of Corfica.

The *seizure of Toulon* was a momentous business, and for a long time occupied general attention. It is the second sea-port of the French Republic, and contains several arsenals of considerable magnitude. It has two moles of seven hundred paces each in length, which almost surrounded the harbour, and leave but a narrow entrance for the ships. There are always men of war here as well as other ships, and there is a very fine quay paved with bricks. The harbour is defended by several forts, and is one of the best in Europe. It is seated on the Mediterranean Sea, forty miles S. E. of Aix, thirty S. E. of Marseilles, and four hundred and fifty S. by E. of Paris.

This strong place was taken by Lord Hood, and was, for several months in his possession. At length it was vigorously attacked, and finally yielded to the enemy. General O'Hara fell into the hands of the French

on the occasion. The evacuation of this place by our troops, was conducted with effect and rapidity. Upon their departure, ten sail of the line, then in the harbour, and three sail of the line were destroyed. Three sail of the line and four frigates were also taken away. But the most melancholy task to be performed was the removal of the royalists who did not wish to remain, and thereby expose themselves to the fury of an exasperated enemy. The English men of war, therefore, were crowded with these unfortunate people, and some thousands conveyed to a place of safety. The humanity of Lord Hood in saving these poor wretches, deserves praise—such acts are remembered with pleasure.

His Lordship now endeavoured to annoy the enemy in the Mediterranean, and his manœuvres displayed an unremitting activity.

With respect to *Corfica*, his first attack was unsuccessful, his second gratified his wishes and expectations. This renowned island was taken, and added to the numerous British possessions in the several parts of the world. It has, however, been since retaken, and is now of course annexed to the French dominions. Such is the fate of this island, over which the brave *Paoli* once presided, and from which the unfortunate *Theodore* derived his title of king, which added nothing to his felicity. History informs us of these constant revolutions, to which human affairs are perpetually subject; and hence its pages are distinguished for a novel variety. Of *Corfica*, Boswell gives an entertaining account; by him many interesting particulars are detailed respecting the customs and manners of its inhabitants.

With these exploits of *Toulon* and *Corfica*, the public history of LORD HOOD terminates, and he is now retired from the services of his country. That he would not again resume his former exertions we dare not say. But certain it is, that he is not at present engaged, and, consequently,

consequently, partakes of the calm leisure of retirement. Advanced in years, such a retreat cannot be wholly unacceptable to him, and he has it in his power to look back on a long portion of his life devoted to the service of his country.

We close with fervent wishes that BRITAIN may, ere long, relinquish every engagement connected with war, that she may court and enjoy the inestimable blessings of peace, and that she may advance towards the attainment of every real good with an accelerated rapidity. Such a progress must impart to her friends substantial gratification.

GOSSIPIANA,

[No. XXXVIII.]

CURIOUS CHARACTERS OF JAMES THE FIRST,

DR. WILLIAMS

PREACHED and printed his funeral sermon, with the title of Great Britain's Solomon. This sermon is a curiosity, and deserves to be known as a specimen of the gross flattery of those times. His text was 1 Kings, xi. 41, 42, and part of the 43d verse. After having mentioned the text, he begins thus: "Most high and mighty, most honourable, worshipful, and well-beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; it is not I, but this woful accident that chuseth the text." He proceeds then to consider it as applicable to Solomon, and afterwards compares him and James "First, as it were in one general lump, or mould, that you may see by the *oddness* of their proportion, how they differ from all kings besides. And then with a particular examination of the part of my text, that you may observe, by the several members, how well they resemble the one the other.

“ For the bulke or the mould, I dare presume to say, you never read in your lives of two kings more fully paralleled amongst themselves, and better distinguished from all other kings besides themselves. King Solomon is said to be *unigenitus coram matre sua*, the only son of his mother. Prov. iv. 3. So was King James. Solomon was of a complexion white and ruddy. Can. v. 10. So was King James. Solomon was an infant king, *puer parvulus*, a little child. 1 Chron. xxii. 5. So was King James, a king at the age of thirteen months. Solomon began his reign in the life of his predecessor. So, by the force and compulsion of that state, did our late sovereign King James. Solomon was twice crowned and anointed a king. So was King James. Solomon's minority was rough, through the quarrels of the former sovereigns. So was that of King James. Solomon was learned above all the princes of the east. So was King James above all the princes in the universal world. Solomon was a writer in prose and verse. So, in a very pure and exquisite manner was our sweet sovereign King James. Solomon was the greatest patron we ever read of to church and churchmen; and yet no greater (let the house of Aaron now confess) than King James. Solomon was honoured with ambassadors from all the kings of the earth; and so you know was King James. Solomon was a main improver of his home commodities, as you may see in his trading with Hiram; and, God knows, it was the daily study of King James. Solomon was a great maintainer of shipping and navigation; a most proper attribute to King James. Solomon beautified very much his capital city with buildings and water-works; so did King James. Every man lived in peace under his vine and fig-tree in the days of Solomon; and so they did in the blessed days of King James. And yet towards his end King Solomon had secret enemies, Razan, Hadad, and Jereboam, and prepared for a war upon going to his grave; so had, and so did King James. Lastly, before any hostile act we read of in the history,

history, King Solomon died in peace, when he had lived about sixty years; and so you know did King James."

One would think this had been enough of all conscience; but the Right Reverend Preacher proceeds "to polish and refine the members of this statue in their division and particular."

"In his style," says he, "you may observe the Ecclesiastes; in his figures the Canticles; in his sentences the Proverbs; and in his whole discourse *reliquum verborum Solomonis*, all the rest that was admirable in the eloquence of Solomon. From his sayings I come to his doings, *Quæ fecerit*, all that he did. Every action of his sacred Majesty was a virtue, and a miracle to exempt him from any parallel amongst the modern kings and princes. Of all Christian kings that ever I read of, he was the most constant patron of churches and churchmen. I will speak it boldly, in the presence here of God and men, that I believe in my soul and conscience, there never lived a more constant, resolute, and settled Protestant, in point of doctrine, than our late sovereign. Through all Europe, no more question was made of his being just, than of his being King. He was resolute enough, and somewhat too forward in those unapproachable places (the Highlands) scattering his enemies as much with his example as he did with his forces. Besides these adventures of his person, he was unto his people, to the hour of his death, another cherubim with a flaming sword, to keep out enemies from this paradise of ours."

After flourishing upon his political wisdom and learned works, he goes on to let us know, "That as he lived like a king so he died like a saint. All his latter days he spent in prayer, sending his thoughts before into heaven, to be the harbingers of his happy soul. Some four days before his end, he desired to receive the blessed sacrament, and said he was prepared for it by faith and charity. He repeated the articles of the Creed, and after the absolution had been read and pronounced,

pronounced, he received the sacrament with that zeal and devotion, as if he had not been a frail man, but a cherubim clothed with flesh and blood; he twice or thrice repeated *Domine Jesu veni cito*; and after the prayer usually said at the hour of death was ended, his lords and servants kneeling, without any pangs or convulsions at all, *dormivit Solomon*, Solomon slept. And his soul," adds the good Bishop, "severed from the dregs of the body, doth now enjoy an eternal *dreaming* in the presence of God, environed no more with lords and knights, but with troops of angels and the souls of the blessed, called in this text his fore-runners or fathers."

LAUD

OBSERVES of this sapient prince "That it was little less than a miracle, that so much sweetness should be found in so great a heart; that clemency, mercy, and justice were eminent in him; that he was not only a preserver of peace at home, but the great peace-maker abroad; that he was bountiful, and the greatest patron of the church; that he was the most learned prince in matters of religion, and most orthodox therein; that he devoutly received the blessed sacrament, and *approved of absolution*; that he called for prayers, was full of patience at his death, and had his rest in Abraham's bosom.

SPOTSWOOD

DETERMINING not to be out done by Williams and Laud, declares, "That he was the Solomon of this age, admired for his wise government, and for his knowledge in all manner of learning. For his wisdom, moderation, love of justice; for his patience and piety (which shined above all his other virtues, and is witnessed in the learned works he left to posterity) his name shall never be forgotten, but remain in honour so long as the world endureth."

THE

THE NEGRO.

MR. EDWARDS, who has written *an History of the West Indies*, remarks, that "If a negro is asked even an indifferent question by his master, he seldom gives an immediate reply, but affecting not to understand what is said, compels a repetition of the question, that he may have time to consider not what is the true answer, but what is the most *politic* one for him to give." Mr. Edwards however assures us, that many of these unfortunate negroes learn cowardice and falsehood after they become slaves. When they first come from Africa, many of them shew "a frank and fearless temper," but all distinction of character amongst the native Africans is soon lost under the levelling influence of *slavery*.

SCIENTIFIC AGITATION.

M. L'ABBE CHAPPE, who was sent by the King of France, at the desire of the French Academy, to Siberia, to observe the transit of Venus, gives us a striking picture of the state of his own mind, when the moment of this famous observation approached. In the description of his own feelings, this traveller may be admitted as good authority. A few hours before the observation, a black cloud appeared in the sky; the idea of returning to Paris after such a long and perilous journey, without having seen the transit of Venus; the idea of the disappointment to his king, to his country, to all the philosophers in Europe, threw him into a state of agitation which must have been felt to be conceived. At length the black cloud vanished, his hopes affected him almost as much as his fears had done; he fixed his telescope, saw the planet—his eye wandered over the immense space a thousand times in a minute; his secretary stood on one side with his pen in his hand; his assistant, with his eye fixed upon the watch, was stationed

stationed on the other side. The moment of the total immersion arrived, the agitated philosopher was seized with an universal shivering, and could scarcely command his thoughts sufficiently to secure the observation.

PETER THE WILD BOY

HAD all his senses in remarkable perfection. He lived at a farm-house, within half a mile of us in Hertfordshire, for some years, and we had frequent opportunities of trying experiments upon him. He could articulate imperfectly a few words, in particular *King George*, which words he always accompanied with an imitation of the bells which rang at the coronation of George the Second; he could, in a rude manner, imitate two or three common tunes, but without words. Though his head, as Mr. Wedgwood, and many others had remarked, resembled that of Socrates, he was an idiot; he had acquired a few automatic habits of rationality and industry; but he could never be made to work at any continued occupation; he would shut the door of the farm-yard five hundred times a day, but he would not reap or make hay. Drawing water from a neighbouring river was the only domestic business which he regularly pursued. In 1779 we visited him and tried the following experiment. He was attended to the river by a person who emptied his buckets repeatedly after Peter had repeatedly filled them. A shilling was put before his face into one of the buckets, when it was empty; he took no notice of it, but filled it with water, and carried it homeward; his bucket was taken from him before he reached the house, and emptied on the ground, the shilling, which had fallen out was again shewed to him, and put into the bucket. Peter returned to the river, again filled his bucket, and went home, and when the bucket was emptied by the maid at the house where he lived, he took the shilling and laid it in a place where he was accustomed to deposit the presents

presents that were made to him by curious strangers, and whence the farmer's wife collected the price of his daily exhibition.

A DIFFICULT WORD.

A CERTAIN dame, at a country school, who had never been able to compass the word *Nebuchadnezzar*, used to desire her pupils to call it *Nazareth*, and let it pass.

GENERAL TERMS

ARE, as it were, but the *indorsements* upon the bundles of our ideas; they are useful to those who have collected a number of ideas, but utterly useless to those who have no collection ready for classification; nor should we be in a hurry to tie up the bundles, till we are sure that the collection is tolerably complete; the trouble, the difficulty, the shame of untying them late in life, is felt even by superior minds. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I don't like to have any of my opinions attacked. I have made up my faggot, and if you draw out one, you weaken the whole bundle."

JOHN HARRINGTON TO HIS MOTHER, 1540.

THERE was a battell fought of late,
Yet was the slaughter small;
The strife, whether I shulde wright,
Or send nothing at all.

Of one syde were the captayne's names,
Short Tyme and Lyttle Skill;
One fought alone agaynst them bothe,
Whose name was Great Good-Will.

Short Tyme enforst me in a fraite,
And bade me holde my hand;
Small Skill alio withstood desyre,
My wryteing to withstand.

But Great Good-Will, in shew though small,
 To wright encourag'd me ;
 And to the battaille helde on still,
 No common things to see.

Thus gan these busye warriors three,
 Betwene themselves to fight,
 As valiauntlye as though they had
 Bene of much greater might.

Till fortune, that unconstant dame,
 Which rubs soche things allwaye,
 Did cause the weaker parte in fight
 To bear the greater sway ;

And then the victor caused me,
 However was my skill,
 To wright theis yearfes unto you,
 To shew my great Good-Will.

EPITAPH IN EASTBOURNE CHURCH, SUSSEX.

Sacred to the Memory of Henry Lushington,
 Eldest Son of Henry Lushington, D. D. Vicar of this
 Parish, and Mary his Wife ;
 Whose singular Merits, and as singular Sufferings, can-
 not fail of endearing him to the latest Posterity.
 At the Age of Sixteen, in the Year 1754, he embarked
 for Bengal,

In the Service of the *India* Company,
 And, by attaining a perfect Knowledge of the Persian
 Language, made himself essentially useful.
 It is difficult to determine whether he excelled more
 in a Civil or Military Capacity.
 His Activity in both recommended him to the Notice
 and Esteem of Lord Clive,
 Whom, with equal Credit to himself and Satisfaction
 to his Patron,
 He served in the different Characters of Secretary,
 Interpreter, and Commissary.

In

In the Year 1756, by a melancholy Revolution, he was with others, to the amount of 146, forced into a Dungeon at *Calcutta*, so small, that Twenty-three only escaped Suffocation.

He was one of the Survivors, but reserved for greater Misery ;

For by a subsequent Revolution in the Year 1763, he was, with 200 more, taken Prisoner at Patna, and, after a tedious Confinement, being singled out with

JOHN ELLIS and WILLIAM HAY, Esquires, was, by the Order of the Nabob *Cosim Ally Kawn*, and, under the Direction of One *Someroo*, an Apostate European,

deliberately and inhumanly murdered :

But while the Sepoys were performing their savage Office on the first-mentioned Gentleman, fired with a generous Indignation at the Distress of his Friend, he rushed upon his Assassins, unarmed,

And seizing One of their Scymitars, killed Three of them, and wounded Two others, till, at length oppressed with Numbers, he greatly fell.

His private Character was perfectly consistent with his public One.

The amiable sweetness of his Disposition attached Men of the worthiest Note to him.

The Integrity of his Heart fixed them ever firm to his Interests.

As a Son, he was one of the most kind and dutiful, as a Brother the most affectionate.

His Generosity towards his Family was such as hardly to be equalled ;

His Circumstances and his Age considered, scarce to be exceeded.

In short, he lived and died an Honour to his Name, his Friends, and his Country.

His race was short (being only Twenty-six Years of Age when he died) but truly Glorious.

The rising Generation must admire—may they imitate
so bright an Example!

His Parents have erected this Monument as a lasting
Testimony of *their* Affliction and of *his* Virtues.

INDIAN COCK FIGHTING.

THE Indians are extravagantly fond of cock-fighting, especially the inhabitants of Sumatra, and the other Malays, they pay even greater attention to the training and feeding these birds than we ever did, even when that diversion was at its height. They arm one of the legs only not with a slender gaff as we do, but with arms in form of a scymeter, which make most dreadful destruction. The cocks are never trimmed, but fought in full feather. The Sumatrans fight their cocks for vast sums; a man has been known to stake his wife or his children, a son his mother or sisters on the issue of a battle. In disputed points four umpires are appointed; if they cannot agree, there is no appeal but to the sword. Some of them have a notion that their cocks are invulnerable; a father, on his very death-bed, has, under that opinion, directed his son to lay his whole property on a certain bird, under the full conviction of consequential success.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXVI.]

THE POEMS OF DR. BLACKLOCK, THE BLIND POET.

The muse with pity view'd his doom,
And darting thro' th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray;
Bade him with music's voice inspire
The plaintive flute, the sprightly lyre,
And tune th' impassion'd lay.

BLACKLOCK.

WITHIN these few years Dr. Blacklock died at Edinburgh, and his poems have been the subject of frequent commendation. He was a student at Edinburgh so far back as the year 1755, and even in the year 1746 published some pieces, which, on account of his blindness and tender years, attracted great attention. He was certainly a phenomenon in the literary world, and of course has been the subject of reiterated conversation. His history, his talents, and his publications, have been topics of enquiry. Mr. David Hume was his intimate friend, and he used to declare, that he "might be regarded as a prodigy."

With respect to the history of Dr. Blacklock, the following particulars may be detailed respecting him.

He was the son of a poor tradesman at Annan in Scotland, where he was born in the year 1721. Before he reached the age of six years, he was totally deprived of his sight by the small-pox. His father was particularly kind to him, and he, in return, discovered the tenderest marks of affection. Upon his death he wrote a small poem, which contains the following pleasing lines :

Where now, ah! where is that supporting arm,
 Which to my weak unequal infant steps
 Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,
 That strong assiduous tenderness which watch'd
 My wishes yet scarce form'd; and to my view,
 Unimportun'd, like kind indulgent heav'n
 Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice,
 Which with instruction soft as summer dews,
 Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
 Distinguish'd ev'ry hour with new delight?
 Ah! where that virtue, which amid the storms,
 The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
 Untainted, unsubdu'd, the shock sustain'd?
 So firm the oak, which, in eternal night,
 As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n
 His top majestic rises: such the smile
 Of some benignant angel from the throne
 Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace,
 Who, on his look impress'd, his message bears,
 And pleas'd from earth, averts impending ill?

His father and a few other friends, we are informed, often read to divert him, and among the rest they read several passages from our poets, with which, even in his boyish years, he was extremely delighted. He heard them with a congenial enthusiasm, and soon endeavoured to imitate them. He wrote a piece, afterwards inserted in his works, at twelve years of age; nor did it bear an unpromising aspect towards his subsequent celebrity.

At nineteen he lost his excellent father, and was patronised by Dr. Stevenson, a man of taste and a physician at Edinburgh. Blacklock justly regarded this gentleman as his *Mæcenas*, and accordingly dedicates his works to him in a strain which shews an amiable gratitude for the distinguished favours which he had on various occasions received.

By the kindness of this patron, Mr. Blacklock passed ten years at the university of Edinburgh, where he acquired

quired a competent knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French, and also made a considerable progress in all the sciences. What, however, renders this worthy man the more extraordinary, is his having attained no small excellence in poetry, though the chief inlets for poetical ideas were barred up in him, and all the visible beauties of the creation blotted from his memory. This loss of sight he thus affectingly and poetically deplores :

For, oh !—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams;
Or with delight ineffable survey
The sun, bright image of his Parent God:
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd spring,
Profuse of life and joy: summer adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth:
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame,
Whilst others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and, lost in joy,
Fair order and utility behold:
Or unfatigu'd th' amazing chain pursue,
Which in one vast all-comprehending whole
Unites th' immense stupendous works of God;
Conjoining part with part, and thro' the frame
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:
To me, those fair vicissitudes are lost;
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd spring,
Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heav'n, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.

O beauty, harmony! you sister train
Of graces, you who in th' admiring eye
Of God your charms display'd ere yet transcrib'd
On nature's form your heav'nly features shone,

Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight!
 Whilst, in your stead, a boundless waste expanse
 Of undistinguish'd horror covers all.
 Wide, o'er my prospect, rueful darkness breathes
 Her inauspicious vapour: in whose shade
 Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,
 In social sadness gloomy vigils keep.
 With them I walk; with them still doom'd to share
 Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn!

We are not, however, to suppose that the poet was inclined to murmuring and discontent, by no means; the following lines are peculiarly expressive of his disposition, while they display traits of genuine poetry;

What then? because th' indulgent fire of all
 Has in the plan of things prescrib'd my sphere,
 Because consummate wisdom thought not fit
 In affluence and pomp to bid me shine,
 Shall I regret my destiny? and curse
 That state by heav'n's paternal care design'd
 To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd
 These ages measur'd by the orbs of heaven
 In blank annihilation fade away?
 For scenes, when finish'd by Almighty art
 Beauty and order open to the sight
 In vivid glory; where the faintest rays
 Out-flash the splendour of our mid-day sun.
 Say, shall the source of all, who first assign'd
 To each constituent of this wond'rous frame
 Its proper pow'rs, its place and action due,
 With due degrees of weakness, (whence results
 Concord ineffable,) shall he reverse
 Or disconcert the universal scheme,
 The general good, to flatter selfish pride
 And blind desire?—Before th' Almighty voice
 From non-existence call'd me into life,
 What claim had I to being? What to shine!
 In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
 The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,
 Till infinite perfection crown their toil?

Devotion

Devotion also, in an eminent degree, enriched his mind and animated his poetry; of this truth the three stanzas which immediately follow, afford abundant demonstration:

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around:
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.

To thee, munific ever-flaming love!
One endless hymn united nature sings;
To thee, the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings:
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O love, my voice to emulate the sound.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day!
Transfusive wrath through all my bosom glows:
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,
Oh snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign!
There teach my tongue thy praise, in more exalted strain.

The Poems of Mr. Blacklock are, in many parts, very descriptive; but it has been remarked, that where his descriptions are of any length, they are, generally, not descriptions of things but of passions. These passions also are of the melancholy kind, more than those of the joyous complexion. These circumstances may be easily supposed, or rather accounted for by the recollection, that the poet laboured under the unfortunate loss of his sight from his infancy. Such a case, in every point

point of view, merits, and will receive from every sensible mind, the tenderest sympathy.

Mr. Blacklock thus expresses his passion for *Urania* with peculiar beauty :

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn
How sweet with her thro' lonely fields to stray !
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom ;
The silver stream in sweeter music flows :
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume ;
And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose ;
Its deepest silence charms, if she be by :
Her voice the music of the dawn renews ;
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

His philosophical ideas, likewise, are just ; witness the following address to the sun :

Thou all-enlivening flame, immensely bright,
Whose sacred beams illumine each wand'ring sphere,
That through high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year !

The address to his Mistress, containing the promise even of his Goldfinch, possesses a beautiful simplicity :

That Goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gaily looks and sweetly sings ;
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all my charmer, shall be thine !

That a blind man should thus pencil out the colours is wonderful : but what is strange, he often speaks of the peculiar operations of sight, though involved in impenetrable darkness. Speaking of his beloved in his last moments, he pours forth these energetic lines :

Long,

Long, long on *her*, my dying eyes suspend,
Till the last beam shall *vibrate* on my sight;
Then soar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light !

We have indeed been profuse in our quotations; but the intelligent reader will not be displeased. That a *blind* man should write thus may justly claim our admiration.

The Reverend Mr. Spence, once Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, published in the year 1754, an *Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock*, who was then a *student of philosophy in the University of Edinburgh*. To this sketch the writer of this article confesses himself principally indebted; and he is happy in thus redeeming the pamphlet from that obscurity into which all temporary publications, during a lapse of years, must be necessarily fallen. Mr. Spence, however, has left behind him a memorial of the justness of his taste and the benevolence of his heart. Such traits are not lost with posterity.

It may not be improper to add, that the author of the REFLECTORS saw Dr. Blacklock at Edinburgh, in the year 1791; he was not in his company, but observed his being led in and out of a place of worship, where the Poet regularly attended. He was short and corpulent; there was nothing particular in his outward appearance to command veneration. This REFLECTOR, intended as a tribute of respect to the memory of an excellent man and an ingenious Poet, deprived of the inestimable blessing of sight, shall be concluded in the words of Mr. Spence :

“ It is remarkable enough, that some of the greatest poets that ever were in the world, have been blind; and it is very probable that the loss of their sight may have added to the force of their imagination, in the same manner and for the same reasons that we think the more intensely of any one thing, when we shut out all the other objects that are round about us. But a poet
born

born *blind*, or, which is much the same thing, who has been blind from his *early infancy*, is still a NOVELTY.

Our great MILTON did not lose his sight till he was about fifty years old; and HOMER, for aught we know, might have enjoyed his sight till after he had finished his two most celebrated poems."

THE

PORTRAIT OF A TRADING JUSTICE,

AS IT WAS DESCRIBED AT COACHMAKER'S HALL, IN THE
YEAR 1786.

HIS head is the scull of a superannuated attorney, in which are deposited the brains of a goose. On either side hang the ears of an ass, to shew his family connections. His eyes, with which he looks at virtue, merit, and fortitude, are those of an owl in the sunthine, blinking. He has the teeth of a mouse, that will gnaw through a deal board for a bit of toasted cheese. And his tongue, like that of a jack-daw, cannot speak till slit with a piece of silver. He has the hands of a monkey, picks up all within his reach, and hides the booty that he fingers. His breast is the paunch of a hog filled with the blood of the malefactor, the bread of the indigent, and the tears of the orphan and widow, which, like the petrifying water of some rivers, have hardened his heart to stone. He has the back of a bear, fitted only for an exhibition or a cudgel; and his legs shall be furnished by an old cow, for the sake of a cloven foot.

As it would be highly improper to let him go naked, we will clothe him; but not in an English dress, for he is a disgrace to the name. On his head you behold the turban of official insolence, in which he rivals the Great Mogul. His under garment is the veil of ignorance, which he anxiously wishes to hide; over his shoulders hangs

hangs the mantle of tyranny, which was torn off and trampled on by British Liberty at the glorious Revolution, and his feet are shod with the sandals of impiety and perjury.

Let us now enquire after his qualifications for the office, and we shall find him possessed of the compassion of a crocodile, who weeps over his prey to increase his spoils. The demon of avarice taught him benevolence, and he carries the blessings of the unfortunate in a nutshell. He has the sympathy of an ostrich, who deserts its young and displays the sensibility of a stoic. He studied logic and rhetoric at Bedlam, learned chastity in a brothel, and gathered his piety from the history and orders of the Hell Fire Clubs.

It is necessary to give him an equipage suitable to his rank, and that shall complete the portrait. His coach is the car of oppression; the arms painted upon it are discord and knavery, embracing each other in the field of plunder. The horses that draw him are fear and flattery; the footmen that follow him are infamy and contempt. Belzebub mounts the coach-box, and an old proverb makes him an excellent motto—*He must needs go whom the devil drives.*

ONAS.

JOURNEY

JOURNEY
FROM
LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

(Concluded from page 57.)

24th **S**EPTEMBER breakfasted at *Thirsk*, dined at *Northallerton*, and rode in the afternoon to *Darlington*, in the county of Durham.

There now begin to appear some tolerable rivers. At Doncaster there is the *Don*, at Ferrybridge the *Ouse*, and at Darlington the *Teese*, which is here about the same size with the Tweed at Kelso, and is crossed three miles from the town by a very handsome stone bridge of eight arches.

25th September. To Durham 18 miles to breakfast. About half way met Lord Creig, of the Court of Session, the only Scotchman but one we have seen since leaving London. *Durham* is a large town, standing on the ridges of several hills, with fine slopes down to the *Ware*, a considerable river, passed by three bridges at different parts of the town. The cathedral of Durham is a large and very fine old building, but, internally, it is coarse, has few ornaments, and is quite eclipsed by its brother of York. It is, however, an immense pile of building, especially when connected with what is called the college, which consists of pretty large dwelling houses for the dean, and each of the twelve prebendaries, besides a variety of other officers belonging to the church. The Bishop's castle, as it is called, or residence of the bishop, also adjoins the cathedral. It is a very large building in the form of a square, but there is little to recommend it to observation, except its size and antiquity. The cathedral has a variety of spires and turrets. The great turret in the centre is very remarkable, and appears to be a piece of admirable
old

old architecture. The rest have been lately rebuilt, and though the gothic plan of building has been observed, they have all a new appearance, which hurts the effect of the rest of the structure. In the afternoon we rode on to *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, in the county of Northumberland. The Tyne is a fine river, which here divides the county of Durham from Northumberland. It is not, however, of sufficient depth to bring up vessels of much size. The sea-port of Newcastle is therefore at *Shields*, about seven miles below. There is little in Newcastle to attract the attention of a stranger not concerned with trade. There are neither ancient buildings nor monuments of any sort. The assizes are held here, though the county jail is in *Morpeth*, and, if I mistake not, *Alnwick* is the county town. There is a tolerably large theatre in *Mosely-street*, which seems to be one of the best streets in the town. Indeed the streets in general are narrow, dirty, and so miserably bad, especially in the approaches to the town, that a stranger, who values his neck, will always find it necessary to alight, and lead or drive his horse before him. It is, however, crowded with an immense number of inhabitants, who seem to be much occupied with business.

26th September. Dined at *Morpeth*, a petty town, which sends two members to parliament. Rode in the evening to *Alnwick*, a neat little town, the county town of Northumberland. Here we viewed *Alnwick Castle*, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. This is one of the few gothic castles now remaining, to shew the magnificent style of the ancient English barons. The building resembles a fortification, and the first thing that strikes upon approach, is a strong high wall with gun ports quite round. The doors of the gates are as secure as the strongest prison. This wall encompasses the castle, and the whole covers five acres of ground. Part of it is in a square form, and other parts, which seem to have been built at different periods, are octagonal. On the top, in every direction, stand a prodigious

number of statues, full length figures of men and women. Other statues present horizontally for water spouts. Time had mouldered away one of them of a very ludicrous kind; but the last Duchefs had it supplied by a new one, in the precise same form, observing, that she was not of a humour to correct the ancient taste of the Percy's. A few of the principal rooms are shewn to strangers, and these are truly magnificent. The library is large and handsome, but many of the shelves are almost empty. The chapel is by much the finest room. The east window of this room is large, and exhibits a beautiful and expensive specimen of the painting upon glass, and in the modern style, since the revival of that art, after it had been lost for centuries. Round the walls of the room is ostentatiously painted the genealogy of the family, by which the pedigree is carried through several of the French kings, as high as the Emperor Charlemagne. Indeed this kind of vanity distinguishes every room in the house, and even the principal stair-case. In all of them you find painted on the walls a variety of shields, with the arms of the family quartered with those of other families, with which they have been connected by intermarriages for at least *eight hundred years*! The health of the present Duke does not permit him to live so far north, and therefore he has not been resident at Alnwick for above two years. On this account there is little furniture exhibited but beds, chairs, sofas, &c. of uncommon elegance. I saw only one painting. It was a full length of the late Duchefs, painted on the wall of the drawing room. This lady was interred in Westminster Abbey, but to her memory there is placed, in the chapel of Alnwick castle, a large marble sarcophagus, which cost two thousand guineas! One great curiosity is the ancient prison, where the enemies of the Percies taken in battle, were confined. Probably some of the Douglasses may have resided in this dungeon. It is a very strong stone vault, where
there

there are preserved a few Roman stones, and other curiosities, and in the centre of the floor there is an iron grate. This was raised up, and I was allowed to descend by a ladder; but this was an indulgence not given to prisoners, for they were slung down by ropes, and the grate being locked, they were confined in a dismal little place without light or air, and as uncongenial to health as the Black Hole in Calcutta. Mr. Howard visited this place, and must have deprecated those wretches of irregular and arbitrary power, which could have procured such an abominable engine of vengeance even in the dark ages. The stables are elegant and deserving of a stranger's attention, but they wanted at this time one principal ornament, I mean the fine hunters always kept by this family. There was not a single horse to be seen. In short, the long absence of the Duke throws a damp upon every thing. He has always, when at home, kept up the ancient hospitality of the family, by giving two public dinners in the week to every stranger, and every person whatever who chose to take the trouble to dress and pay him a visit. On these occasions a flag was kept flying all day on the castle, which was the general signal of invitation. Now, however, the Duke's health keeps him constantly at Sion House, his magnificent seat near London. The cellars of Alnwick, nobly stocked, are shut up. The porter, who seems a *bon vivant*, and resembles in dress and appearance the provost of a burgh, lamented he had no keys, and was quite melancholy on the reflection which constantly obtruded itself, that the fine ale in immense quantities, was believed to be souring in the barrels!

27th. We set out from Alnwick, by Belford, and reached *Berwick-upon-Tweed*. About a mile from Alnwick, on this road, a stranger, by looking back, gets his valedictory view of the castle of Alnwick, and a most excellent view it is of the whole of the north-side of the building. The county of Northumberland resembles some

of the worst parts of Scotland. There are few gentlemen's seats. The agriculture is inferior, and the crops thin and late. The harvest within an hundred miles of London, was mostly over some weeks ago. Here most of the grain was uncut, and very little in the barn-yard. The sea, however, comes in view before you reach Belford, and the sight of Holy Island, together with various other objects, diverts the attention. From Belford you scarcely lose sight of the sea till you reach Edinburgh. Berwick is a pretty large town, properly belonging neither to England or Scotland; for though locally situated in the latter, it is governed entirely by the laws and customs of the former. The assizes are held here for a particular district, the recorder of Newcastle generally sitting as judge. This was Sunday evening, and there was a good deal of company in town, on account of an election of a member of Parliament to take place next day. The Tweed, at Berwick, is a much larger and finer river than any I have seen in England, except the Thames.

28th September. Breakfasted at the *Prefs Inn*, where you find a very great falling off indeed. The English inns surpass us far for service, attention, and cleanliness. In the stable, in particular, your horse is neatly dressed and well taken care of in England, with little trouble to yourself. A Scotch hostler is an animal both sulky and unskilful. At the same time the expence at the Scotch inns is fully as high as it is any where in England, excepting in the vicinity of London. From Prefs we rode to Dunbar, and on the way took occasion to visit *Pease Bridge*, one of the principal curiosities in this country. This bridge connects two sides of a mountain, in which an immense gully has been found, probably by some great convulsion. The top of the bridge is level and narrow, but in looking over the iron rails you become giddy with the height. The tops of the highest old trees in the vallies
are

are considerably below you. Timid travellers will not ride across, but dismount and follow their horses or carriages. There are two arches and three pillars. The two pillars at each end are rested on the opposite sides of the rock. The middle pillar alone goes to the bottom, where it rests lightly on the rock, at the side of a little stream, without any sunk foundation. With considerable difficulty you scramble down the precipice, clinging to the bushes, and reach the bottom of the pillar, where you have a complete view, and are astonished both at the great height and the very slender fabric of the bridge, and particularly of the pillars which support it.

Dunbar is a tolerably neat burgh, with a small but safe harbour, and a considerable trade, especially to the eastern parts of Europe, and to Greenland. Lord Lauderdale has a large house in the town, and has lately built a very good inn, in rivalry to the landlord of the old inn, who counteracted him in burgh politics. Two miles from *Dunbar* we visited the camp. I had seen several camps before, but this differed from them, being for the accommodation of dragoons. In the evening we arrived at *Haddington*.

On Tuesday the 29th September, we visited the camp at *Mussleburgh*, which accommodates both horse and foot. Had the satisfaction at last to breakfast in my old apartments in *George Street*, EDINBURGH—a street, which, after all I have seen, I must take the liberty of saying, is, when connected with the squares at each end, more elegant than any thing I have met with, either in London or any where else.

And here end my travelling memorandums, carelessly written each succeeding night, and frequently after being greatly fatigued, which, by recalling the recollection of many incidents, may probably amuse myself many years hence. But to *myself* that amusement must be confined; for they are too insignificant, and just now I am too indolent, and indeed too much indis-

posed, for transcribing or amplifying, and in their present form the satisfactory perusal of them is impossible to any other human being*.

Edinburgh,
29th September.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS.

[From Pennant's History of Indostan.]

HISTORY OF SUGAR.

SUGAR was originally brought from India by the introduction of the plant *Saccharum Officinatum*. I shall here give some account of this useful article, and its various removals from its native place into Europe, where it was, for some ages, cultivated with great success. "Arabia," says Pliny, "produces *Saccaron*, but the best is in India. It is a honey collected from reeds, a sort of white gum, brittle between the teeth, the largest pieces do not exceed the size of a hazel nut, and it is used only in medicine."

The cane was an article of commerce in very early times. The prophet Isaiah (xlv. 24.) and Jeremiah (vi. 20.) make mention of it. "Thou hast brought me no sweet cane with the money," says the first; and the second, "To what purpose cometh there to me the sweet cane from a far country?" Brought for the luxury of the juice, either extracted by suction, or by some other means. In the notes on the elegant poem the *Sugar Cane*, Doctor Grainger informs us, that at first the raw juice was made use of; they afterwards boiled it into a syrup; and, in process of time, an intoxicating spirit was prepared therefrom by fermentation.

* The extreme modesty of the author has certainly underrated these remarks on persons and places, with which we were, on the whole, much pleased. EDITORS.

Sugar was first made from the reed in Egypt, from thence the plant was carried into Sicily, which, in the twelfth century, supplied many parts of Europe with that commodity; and from thence, at a period unknown, it was, probably, brought into Spain by the Moors. From Spain the reed was planted in the Canary Isles, and in the Madeira by the Portuguese. This happened about the year 1506. In the same year Ferdinand, the Catholic, ordered the cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo. From those islands the art of making sugar was introduced into the islands of Hispaniola, and in about the year 1623 into the Brazils; the reed itself growing spontaneously in both those countries. Till that time sugar was a most expensive luxury, and used only, as Mr. Anderson observes, in feasts and physical necessities.

I shall here anticipate the account of the state of Sugar in Spain, where, in Europe, it first became stationary, borrowing it from the ninth volume of my outlines of the globe. It was, till late years, cultivated to great advantage in the kingdom of Granada, and great quantities of sugar made in the *ingenios* or mills. In the year 1723, in the city of Mefril, were eight hundred families. Their principal commerce was in sugars and syrups, made in four sugar works, from the plantations of canes, which reached from the south side down to the sea-side; but these and the other sugar-works are greatly decayed, by reason of the excessive duties. This, with the increased demand for sugar, on the prevailing use of chocolate in the kingdom, which requires double the quantity of that article, has occasioned a drain of a million of dollars out of the country, in payment for sugar, preserves, and other confectionaries. This is very extraordinary, considering that Spain is possessed of some of the finest sugar islands, besides the power of manufacturing it within its home dominions.

GUNPOWDER.

THE *Sanskrit*, or scripture books of the *Hindoos*, mentions an engine called *Shetagnee*, or the weapon that would kill an *hundred men at once* ! I do not believe it to have been a cannon, but one of those divisible arrows constructed on a vast scale. I shall conclude with remarking, that both the author of the *Hindoo Sanskrit*, and our great *Milton*, agree in ascribing the invention of gunpowder and its application to warlike purposes to *spirits*. The former says, that the war which was waged during a hundred years, between *Dewta* and *Offoor*, the good and the bad, was carried on by means of the infernal engines ; but the war between our celestial beings was at once decided, so unequal was the artillery of *Satan* against the thunderbolts of the ALMIGHTY.

THE INFLUENCE OF Grog.

IN the campaign of 1756, in India, there was a fort sufficiently strong to make some resistance against Admiral Watson and Colonel Clive, in their way to the re-taking of Calcutta. The guns had been silenced by our ships, but the garrison continued to discharge their fire arrows and musquetry. It was determined to storm the place at approach of day, which was impatiently expected. The tranquillity of the night was suddenly disturbed by loud acclamations of joy from the shore, and news was brought that the fort was taken ! It seems that one *Strahan*, a common sailor, animated by *grog*, strolled away towards the fort, scaled the breach, and found several of the garrison sitting on the platform. He gave three huzzas, and cried, *the place is mine* ! The Moors immediately attacked our hero, he defended himself till his cutlafs broke in his hand ; at that

that very instant he was joined by two or three more straggling comrades, who had heard his triumphant shouts. The noise reached the army, who, without order, or without any attention to discipline, rushed in pell-mell, and thus a fort, with eighteen cannons, from twenty-four pounders downwards, and forty barrels of gunpowder, was put in our possession.

It was necessary to shew displeasure at this notorious breach of all order. The victorious *Strahan* was brought before the Admiral in form of a culprit. Our commander asked how he dared to commit such an action? the late hero stood scratching his head and twirling his hat, and at length confessed "to be sure it was I that took the fort, but I hope there was no harm in it." The Admiral with difficulty kept his countenance, but at last, with much seeming anger, ordered him away. As *Strahan* was going out of the cabin very sulky, he muttered out, swearing a great oath—"If I am flogged for this, I will never take another fort by myself as long as I live." It may be imagined he was readily pardoned, but he was so *drunken a beast*, that the Admiral found it impossible to take him out of the line of life in which he was.

ON THE

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

[From Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.]

DEAR SON,

THERE is no species of advice which seems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which respects the marriage state; for it is a matter in which the first must have acquired some experience, and the last cannot. At the same time it is found to be that in which advice produces the least effect. For this, various causes may be assigned; of

of which, no doubt, the principal is, that passion commonly takes this affair under its management, and excludes reason from her share of the deliberation. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect with which admonitions on this head are treated, is not unfrequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young persons. If, in descanting a little upon this subject, I can avoid these errors, I flatter myself you are capable of bestowing some unforced attention to what an affectionate desire of promoting your happiness, in so essential a point, may prompt.

The difference of opinion between sons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, may be stated in a single position—that the former have in their minds the first month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration. Perhaps you will, and with justice, deny that this is the difference between us two, and will assert that you, as well as I, in thinking of this connection, reflect on its lasting consequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be considered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extensive observation.

I need say little as to the share that personal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. While I readily admit, that it is desirable that the object on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you, than you would for yourself, and require a suitableness of years and vigour of constitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet contemplate. But dropping this part of the subject, let us proceed to consider the

the two main points on which the happiness to be expected from a female associate in life must depend—her qualifications as a *companion*, and as a *helper*.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world on the condition of sharing a cabin with an unknown messmate, how solicitous would you be to discover his character and disposition before you set sail! If, on enquiry, he should prove to be a person of good sense and cultivated manners, and especially of a temper inclined to please and be pleased, how fortunate would you think yourself! But if, in addition to this, his tastes, studies, and opinions, should be found conformable to yours, your satisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt that the circumstance which brought you together, would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendship. On the other hand, if he were represented, by those who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obstinate, and quarrelsome, of manners and dispositions totally opposite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than submit to live so many months confined with such an associate.

Apply this comparison to the domestic companion of the voyage of life—the intimate of all hours—the partaker of all fortunes—the sharer in pain and pleasure—the mother and instructress of your offspring. Are you not struck with a sense of the infinite consequence it must be of to you, what are the qualities of the heart and understanding of one who stands in this relation; and of the comparative insignificance of external charms and ornamental accomplishments? But as it is scarcely probable that all you would wish in these particulars can be obtained, it is of importance to ascertain which qualities are the most essential, that you may make the best compromise in your power. Now, tastes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense and good temper. Possessed of these, a wife who loves her husband will fashion herself
in

in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life; they form the basis on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised. As both are absolutely essential, it is needless to enquire which is so in the highest degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together than separate; for the just and reasonable estimation of things which true good sense inspires, almost necessarily produces that equanimity and moderation of spirit in which good temper properly consists. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtless good nature which is not unfrequently coupled with weakness of understanding; but having no power of self-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting solid felicity. When, however, this easy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life. But no man ever married a fool without severely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, and especially of parental controul, she will give a perpetual heart-ache to a considerate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with instances of considerable powers of the understanding, combined with waywardness of temper, sufficient to destroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is sometimes joined with wit, haughtiness and caprice with talents, sourness and suspicion with sagacity, and cold reserve with judgment. But all these being in themselves unamiable
qualities,

qualities, it is less necessary to guard against the possessors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domestic felicity, you have probably already seen enough of the matrimonial state to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, also adapt her for the office of a *helper*; but many additional ones are requisite. The original purpose for which this sex was created, is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate*; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship. Be assured, however, that as an office for *life*, its importance stands extremely high to one whose situation does not place him above the want of such aid; and fitness for it should make a leading consideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domestic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true state of things, which will shew that a large part of it must arise from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences. A clean and quiet fire-side, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness—all these things compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was intended to afford us; and without them no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as *professional* to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to select one for that station who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, it is as absurd, as it would be to choose for your lawyer or physician a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or physic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good-will

are not the only requisites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is less frequently met with among the females of the present age than might be wished. How much soever infirm and delicate health may interest the feelings, it is certainly an undesirable attendant on a connection for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a helpmate, than a condition which constantly requires that assistance which it never can impart. It is, I am sure, the farthest thing from my intention to harden your heart against impressions of pity, or slacken those services of affectionate kindness by which you may soften the calamitous lot of the most amiable and deserving of the species. But a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional sources of happiness; and it would be mere folly in their stead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and distresses. Akin to an unnerved frame of body, is that shrinking timidity of mind, and excessive nicety of feeling, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reasonable bounds in modern education, can scarcely be doubted by one who considers what exertions of fortitude and self-command are continually required in the course of female duty. One who views society closely, in its interior as well as its exterior, will know that occasions of alarm, suffering, and disgust come much more unfrequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the sick, and the dying. When the house becomes a scene of wretchedness from any cause, the man often runs abroad, the woman must stay at home and face the worst. All this takes place in cultivated society, and in classes of life raised above the common level. In a savage state, and in the lower conditions, women are compelled to undergo even the most laborious, as well as the most disagreeable tasks. If nature, then, has made them so weak in temper and constitution

constitution as many suppose, she has not suited means to ends with the foresight we generally discover in her plans.

I confess myself decidedly of the opinion of those who would rather form the two sexes to a resemblance of character, than contrast them. Virtue, wisdom, presence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not *sexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. It is surely a most degrading idea of the female sex, that they must owe their influence to trick and finesse, to counterfeit or real weakness. They are too essential to our happiness to need such arts; too much of the pleasure and of the business of the world depends upon them, to give reason for apprehension that we shall cease to join partnership with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excused from affected languor and coquetry. We shall not think them less amiable for being our best helpers.

Having thus endeavoured to give you just ideas of the principal requisites in a wife, especially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compass of an adviser. From the influence of passion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpose to dissuade you from *hasty engagements*, because in making them, a person of any resolution is not to be regarded as merely passive. Though the head has lost its rule over the heart, it may retain its command of the hand. And surely if we are to pause before any action, it should be before one on which “all the colour of remaining life” depends. Your reason must be convinced, that to form a solid judgment of so many qualities as are requisite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of casual visits or public exhibitions. Study your object at home—see her tried in her proper department. Let the progress be, liking, approving, loving, and lastly, declaring;

declaring; and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice so formed is not likely to deceive!

You may think it strange, that I have not touched upon a consideration which generally takes the lead in parental estimates of matrimonial views—that of *fortune*. But I have been treating on the *woman* only, not on anything extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the same thing as fortune got any other way. It has its value, and certainly no small one in procuring the desirable comforts of life; and to rush into a state in which wants will be greatly increased, without a reasonable prospect of being able to supply those wants, is an act, not merely of carelessness, but of downright folly. But with respect to the sources whence their supply is to be sought, that is a particular enquiry to each individual; and I do not think so ill of your prudence as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands. Another consideration, that of the *family connections* formed by marriage, is of a similar kind. Its great importance cannot be doubted; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, just as in forming those connections after any other mode; though, indeed, in no other can they be formed equally strong. One who is master of his deliberations, may be trusted to decide these points, as well as any others that occur in the practice of life. That your decisions may always shew you to be possessed of a due power of self-direction, is the earnest wish of,

Your truly affectionate, &c.

AN
EPITOME
OF
GEOGRAPHY.

LATELY DRAWN UP FOR A SEMINARY OF EDUCATION
IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON.

(Concluded from page 50.)

TWO advantages attend the following distribution of the four quarters of the world. 1st. By ascertaining the division *North, South, or Middle*, in which the kingdom stands, we instantly ascertain its situation between the equator and the poles, upon which many important circumstances depend, climates, seasons, &c. &c. 2dly. By ascertaining in *what part* of these said divisions the kingdom is situated, we can tell, (for we proceed uniformly from *west to east*) its western or eastern position, upon which also depend many important circumstances, time of day, &c. By these two simple arrangements, we can likewise, with ease, form an idea of the relative situation of the nations of the earth to each other. Of the utility of this new mode of distribution, the author speaks with the greater confidence, because he has adopted it with success in his own seminary.

EUROPE is bounded on the north by the Frozen Sea, on the south by the Mediterranean Sea, which divides it from Africa; on the east by Russia in Asia, the river Don, or Tanais, and the Black Sea; on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, which separates it from America. It is 3000 miles in length, from Cape St. Vincent to the river Oby. In breadth 2500, from the North Cape in Norway, to the Morca in Greece.

The chief countries of Europe, in the North, are,

<i>Norway</i>	CAPITAL,	Bergen.
<i>Sweden</i>	Stockholm.
<i>Denmark</i>	Copenhagen.
<i>Russia</i>	Petersburgh, or ancient- ly, Moscow.

IN THE MIDDLE.

1st. Row.

<i>Netherlands</i>	CAPITAL,	Amsterdam.
<i>Germany</i>	Vienna.
<i>Prussia</i>	Berlin.
<i>Poland</i>	Warsaw, or Cracow,

2d. Row.

<i>France</i>	CAPITAL,	Paris.
<i>Switzerland</i>	Geneva.
<i>Hungary</i>	Buda.
<i>Little Tartary</i>	Oczakow.

IN THE SOUTH.

<i>Portugal</i>	CAPITAL,	Lisbon.
<i>Spain</i>	Madrid.
<i>Italy</i>	Rome.
<i>Turkey</i> , in Europe	Constantinople.

ASIA is bounded on the North by the Icy Sea ; on the south by the Indian Sea ; on the west by the Red Sea ; Mediterranean Sea, Europe, and part of Africa, and by the Northern Pacific Ocean on the east. It is in length 4740 miles, from the Dardanelles to the eastern shores of Tartary. In breadth 4380 miles, from Malacca to Nova Zembla.

The

The chief Countries of Asia, are,

NORTH.

Georgia, CAPITAL, Teflis.
Great Tartary Tobolski.

MIDDLE.

Holy Land, CAPITAL, Jerufalem.
Persia Ispahan.
Mogul Empire Delhi.
China Pekin.

SOUTH.

Arabia, CAPITAL, Mecca.
East Indies Calcutta.

AFRICA is bounded on all sides by seas, except the Isthmus of Suez, by which it is joined to Asia; the Mediterranean being on the north; the Atlantic Ocean on the west and south; and the Indian Ocean and Red Sea on the east. It is in length 4300 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, in the south, to Cape Bona in the North. The breadth is 3500 miles, from Cape Verde, in the west, to Cape Guardafui in the east.

The chief Countries of Africa, are,

NORTH.

Morocco, CAPITAL, Morocco.
States of Barbary Algiers.
Biledulgerid.... Duro.
Egypt..... Grand Cairo.

MIDDLE.

Zaara, or the Desert. *Negroland*. *Guinea*. *Nubia*, or *Abyssinia*.

SOUTH.

Ethiopia. *Congo*. *Zanguebar*. *Caffraria*. In this
 last

last district is the *Cape of Good Hope*, a Settlement now in our possession.

The Continent of AMERICA is divided by the Isthmus of Darien, into north and south. It is in length 10,000 miles. Its average breadth is 2000. North America is bounded on the north by unknown parts; on the south by South America; on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

The North part of NORTH AMERICA contains three Countries :

New Wales. New Britain, or Esquimaux. Canada, or New France, capital Quebec, near which also is Montreal.

The Middle Four :

New Albion. Granada. Louisiana; and the United States; which include these Thirteen States. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Vermont has been lately added.

The South contains Three Countries :

California. Mexico, or New Spain, and Florida.

SOUTH AMERICA is bounded on the north by North America; on the south by the South Sea; on the east by the Atlantic Ocean; on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

The North part contains Two Countries :

Terra Firma and Guiana.

The Middle Four :

Peru. Amazonia. Paraguay, and Brazil.

The South Two :

Chili and Patagonia.

The

The principal OCEANS are ; 1. Arctic. 2. Antarctic. 3. Atlantic, North and South. 4. Pacific, North and South. 5. Indian Ocean. 6. German Ocean.

The principal SEAS are ; the Mediterranean, Baltic, North Sea, Irish Sea, Red Sea, Black Sea, Chinese Sea.

Principal BAYS are ; Biscay, Bengal, Hudson's, Baffin's.

Principal STRAITS. Gibraltar, Dover, Babelmandel, Magellan, Davies's, Bherring's Hudson's.

Principal GULPHS. Mexico, in which lie the West Indies ; Persian, Bothnia, Oby and St. Lawrence, Venice.

Principal LAKES are in *North America*, excepting the Caspian Sea, which is a lake in *Asia*. Lesser lakes are to be found in *Switzerland*, *Scotland*, and other countries of EUROPE, where mountains abound. The *American* lakes are ; Superior, Huron, Eris, and Ontario. In the map they are easily distinguished.

ISLANDS BELONGING TO EUROPE.

1. *Great Britain*, which includes England, Scotland, and Wales. 2. *Ireland*.

The lesser isles ; and first of such as lie near *Great Britain*.

Those on the North are ; 1. The Orkneys, or Arca-des. 2. The Shetland Isles.

Those on the South are ; 1. The Portland Isle. 2. The Isle of Wight. Also Jersey and Guernsey near France.

Those on the east are ; 1. Holy Island. 2. Fern Island. 3. Cocket Island. 4. Shepey Island. 5. The Isle of Thanet.

Those on the West are ; 1. Lewis Island. 2. Skye. 3. Mull. 4. Jura. 5. Illa. 6. Bute and Arran ; all these are called the *Hebrides*, or Western Isles on the coast of *Scotland*. 7. Man. 8. Anglesey. 9. Lundy ; and 10. Scilly Isles.

Of

Of other islands in EUROPE, more distant from *Great Britain*.

Those of *Sweden* are seven in number. 1. Rugen. 2. Oeland. 3. Gothland. 4. Ofel. 5. Dago. 6. Aland. 7. Ween.

Those of *Denmark* are ten. Zealand, Fumen, Langland, Laland, Falster, Mona, Femeren, Allan, Iceland, Bornholm.

The *Azores* lie west of EUROPE, and are subject to the King of Portugal.

Mediterranean islands are ten. Yvica, Minorca, Majorca, Corfica, Sardinia, Malta, Sicily, Candia, Rhodes, and Cyprus.

OF THE ISLANDS OF ASIA,

There are a great number, but they are chiefly reduced to these six, whose situations are as follows; 1. Japan Islands, E. of *China*. 2. The Philippine Islands, S. W. of Japan. 3. The Moluccas, S. of the Philippine. 4. The Sunda, W. of the Moluccas. 5. The Banda, or Nutmeg Islands; and, 6. Ceylon, W. of the Sunda, whose capital is Candia or Candy.

OF AFRICAN ISLANDS.

There are many small islands, but the most noted are the following; viz. the Island of Madagascar, the Cape Verde, the Canary, and the Madeira Islands.

There are some of less note; viz. Zocotora, subject to the Arabians; Comora, N. W. of Madagascar; St. Thomas, Anabona, subject to the Portuguese, lying west of Ethiopia; St. Helena, subject to the English, lying S. W. of St. Thomas's, and the Isle of Ascension, N. W. of St. Helena. St. Helena is a place of refreshment for our East India ships, being about half way between us and that distant country.

AMERICAN ISLANDS.

The principal islands of *America* are ten, which are thus divided; 1. Newfoundland, famous for cod. 2.

Cuba.

Cuba. 3. Jamaica. 4. Hispaniola. 5. Porto Rico. 6. Bermudas. 7. Lucayes, or Bahamas. 8. Caribbees. 9. Sotorento, called the Little Antilles. These, excepting Newfoundland, are the *West Indies*, in the entrance to the vast Bay of Mexico. In the south is, 10. Terra del Fuego, separated from the continent by the Straits of Magellan.

NEW DISCOVERIES.

The principal of those newly discovered, are ; Otaheite, The Society Islands, The Friendly Islands, The New Hebrides, New Caledonia, The Marquesas, The Pelew Islands, and the Sandwich Islands, all in the Pacific Ocean. At one of the latter, called *Oweyhee*, Captain Cook was unfortunately killed, February 14, 1779.

Those islands more perfectly explored, are ; New Guinea, New Zealand, and New Holland, lying between the Indian and Pacific Ocean ; the latter is by much the largest in the whole world ; on the east side of which, called *New South Wales*, is Botany Bay, the place to which the convicts are now transported ; distant from London 10,050 miles S. E.

The first convicts destined for Botany Bay (being 750 in number) sailed from Portsmouth on Sunday the 13th of May, 1787, and arrived at Botany Bay in January 1788. *Collins* has lately published a copious account of this settlement.

The principal RIVERS in EUROPE, with the chief towns or cities on their banks.

Elbe.....	Hamburgh.....	Germany.
Danube.....	Vienna.....	Germany.
Rhine.....	Franckfort.....	Germany.
Seine.....	Paris	France.
Loire	Nantz.....	France.
Garronne,	Bordeaux.....	France.
Rhone.....	Lyons	France.

Tagus

Tagus.....	<i>Lisbon.....</i>	Portugal.
Ebro.....	<i>Saragosa.....</i>	Spain.
Douro.....	<i>Oporto.....</i>	Spain.
Tiber	<i>Rome.....</i>	Italy.
Nieper.....	<i>Oczakow.....</i>	Little Tartary.
Vistula.....	<i>Warsaw</i>	Poland.
Don & Wolga		Russia.

IN ENGLAND.

Thames.....	<i>London.</i>
Severn	<i>Bristol.</i>
Humber	<i>Hull.</i>
Mersey	<i>Liverpool.</i>
Dee	<i>Chester.</i>
Tweed	<i>Berwick.</i>
Medway	<i>Rocheſter, Chatham, and Sheerneſs.</i>

IN SCOTLAND.

Frith of Forth.....	<i>Edinburgh.</i>
Clyde	<i>Glaſgow.</i>
Frith of Tay	<i>Perth.</i>
Dee	<i>Aberdeen.</i>
Frith of Murray.....	<i>Inverneſs.</i>
Spey.....	<i>Focabers.</i>

IN IRELAND.

Liffey.....	<i>Dublin.</i>
Shannon	<i>Limerick.</i>
Boyne	<i>Drogheda.</i>

IN ASIA.

Euphrates in Perſia, between which and the Tigris
lay *Paradiſe.*

Tigris.....	<i>Bagdad.....</i>	Perſia.
Indus	<i>Tatta.....</i>	Mogul Empire.
Ganges.....	<i>Calcutta....</i>	East Indies.

IN AFRICA.

Nile.....*Grand Cairo*.....*Egypt*.
 Senegal.....*Port Senegal* *Negroland*.

IN NORTH AMERICA.

St. Lawrence, Quebec and Montreal, Canada.
Delaware... ..*Philadelphia* *Pensylvania*.
Mississippi.....*New Orleans* *West Florida*.
Potomack..... *Washington* *Columbia*.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Oronoko.....*St. Thomas*.....*Terra Firma*.
Amazons..... *Macayo* *Amazonia*.
Para *Para* *Amazonia*.
La Plata..... *Buenos Ayres* *Paraguay*.

Most of these rivers in America are so large, that our European rivers have been pronounced mere rivulets in comparison with them.

MOUNTAINS OF EUROPE.

Pyrenees, dividing France from Spain.
Alps, dividing Italy from France and Germany.
Apennines, running through Italy.
Tyrol, in Germany, near which have been fought several of the battles in the last campaign.
Carpathian, dividing Hungary from Poland and Transylvania.
Vesuvius, in Naples }
Etna, in Sicily } Burning Mountains.
Hecla, in Iceland }

OF ASIA.

Riphean, in Asiatic Russia.
Caucasus, between the Black and Caspian Sea.
Taurus, runs from Little Carmania to the East Indies.

Libanus, between Syria and Palestine.

Sinai, in Arabia Petrea, whence Moses delivered the law to the Israelites.

OF AFRICA.

Mountains of the Moon, Ethiopia.

Peak of Teneriffe, Island of Teneriffe.

OF NORTH AMERICA.

The Apalachian, or *Alligany Mountains*, which have been descriptively called the *Back-bone* of the United States.

OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The Andes, or *Coräilleras*, running through fit from north to south, for a considerable extent.

Hoxton Square,
February 15, 1800.

J. EVANS.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 40.)

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

POPE.

A HEAVY shower of rain recalled the astonished STEINFORT from the reverie into which this adventure had plunged him, and revolving in his mind a series of pleasant ideas, he bent his way homewards, little dreaming that his own conduct would serve but to rivet

rivet prejudices fatal to his character and happiness. ELIZA, on her arrival at home, retired to her apartment with an eye dimmed with despair, and a heart that reluctantly ceased to hope. She communicated her encounter with Steinfort to her confidential maid, who failed not to exaggerate her part, and repeat it to others. At length it reached the ears of Mr. Dalton, the father of Eliza; a man tenacious of honour, fixed and irrevocable in his decisions. The action, as it appeared to him, he thought sufficient to justify a challenge, and he called Mr. Steinfort to the field. Eliza soon heard of her father's conduct, and flew to prevent the mischief that might ensue. She stated the action in its true light, entreated, remonstrated on the absurdity of such extremes, but all in vain. He deemed her representation as a partial colouring to prevent him hazarding his life—flew from her presence, and calling for a friend, repaired to the scene appointed for the work of blood.

Steinfort was dreaming on future felicity, and planning various schemes of happiness, when he received this note of demand on honour. Thunderstruck, and unknowing what to resolve upon, he applied to an old friend for advice; but his friend would do no more than advise him to decide for himself, as he would then be more easily reconciled to the result of his determination. In this wavering state of mind he departed alone for the scene of action, unprovided with those implements of murder he had been requested to procure. Mr. Dalton had been waiting ten minutes when he arrived, and demanded, in a peremptory tone, where his second was, and desired him to produce his weapons? "I require no second," replied Steinfort, "and for weapons, I make use of none but what nature has furnished me with. "But first, sir," continued he, "I shall require of you an accurate statement of the cause of our quarrel?" "'Tis sufficient for me," replied

plied Mr. Dalton, "that you have attempted to seduce and dishonour my daughter, this is cause enough for a father. Take your choice of these," continued he, presenting pistols. "No, sir," added Steinfort, "I have attempted to seduce and dishonour no man's daughter, and if I had, it would aggravate rather than extenuate my crime, to comply with your request." "Peace, moralizing coward!" exclaimed the father, "I have my information from authority I am not accustomed to dispute; give me instant satisfaction, or submit to be branded with everlasting disgrace." "Brand me with what title will please you," replied Steinfort; "epithets commonly have little meaning, and often no meaning at all; those who deem it a deviation from honour to decline committing one crime by way of extenuating another, may throw what light they please on my actions, I neither court their applause nor evade their censure; you have been deceived, sir, in respect to the *cause*, and it is therefore fit you should be deceived in respect to the *effect* of our meeting." Having said this he abruptly departed, leaving Mr. Dalton, and his valiant attendant, in complete possession of the field. Mortified at such rude and unexpected treatment, they sullenly withdrew to satisfy that honour in idle declamation, which had been disappointed in being satisfied with blood.

Eliza, who had waited with the most painful and trembling anxiety for the result of this conflict, heard of its termination with that exquisite pleasure which none but minds replete with every virtuous principle can feel. She could not but admire that self-commanded spirit, which could calmly reason with the stern and inflexible anger of her father. This trait in Steinfort's character, in some measure dissipated her despair; a thousand pleasing phantoms danced before her imagination. "A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds," revived the prospect of life, and added energy

to hope. Such is the rapidity with which we conceive in what interests the heart. Dazzling, but transient happiness! no sooner has fancy given a boundary to the charming prospect, than reason involves it in gloom. Steinfort, at length sickening at the triumph of vice, and disgusted with the sneers of malice, secluded himself from the world in the retired silence of nature. Thus had disappointment and misfortune tinged with misanthropy, a disposition formed by nature for softer enjoyments.

Eliza heard the true character of Steinfort when it was too late to profit by the discovery. Disconsolate and sick at heart, she found no pleasure but in seeking his friends, and making them recount his virtues, while she, with the greedy ear of love "devoured up their discourse." She accused herself as the author of his misfortunes, and of having conspired to hunt him from society. These ideas preyed upon her mind, and her health began visibly to decline. Her father, struck with the evident alteration, and conceiving a change of air might be serviceable, prevailed upon her to spend a few months with a distant relation, about twenty miles from town. Thither she retired, where the solicitude of her amiable relatives contributed much towards the re-establishment of her health. The country round being extremely picturesque and romantic, she had an opportunity of indulging her taste for solitude, in frequent walks.

Being tempted by an unusual fine evening to extend the limits of her excursions, she entered a neighbouring coppice, in which she soon found herself bewildered by the variety of its paths. Night approached, and the heavens became obscured with clouds. Alarmed at her situation, she attempted to quicken her pace, which was considerably retarded by briars that intersected her path. Her apprehensions became seriously painful, and were suddenly increased by the sound of indistinct voices

from behind. She attempted to fly with precipitation ; but the gloom around her, and the obstacles she had to encounter at every step, rendered every effort ineffectual. The sounds became more distinct, and, on a sudden, four ruffians, with sacrilegious hands, fastened on their defenceless prey. She gave them all the property she had about her, and begged to be released ; but they proceeded to more violent measures. She fell on her knees, and with tears that might have disarmed the tiger of his ferocity, petitioned for mercy, which was savagely rejected. At that moment the approach of other footsteps was heard, and a youth rushed from among the trees, and with a rapidity of action that seemed to baffle all resistance, and mock the perseverance of courage, soon levelled three of the villains with the earth. The other, taking advantage of his situation, aimed a blow at his adversary, which, for awhile deprived him of any further resistance ; but apprehensive that the screams of Eliza would bring others to their aid, he immediately fled, and his companions on coming to themselves, and finding nobody to deter them, followed his example.

Gratitude now overcame all other ideas in the mind of Eliza, and her whole attention was directed to the stranger who had, perhaps, forfeited his life in her defence. She threw herself on the ground by his side, when the moon, emerging from a cloud, and beaming on his face, discovered to her the lifeless features of STEINFORT !

(To be continued.)

GENERAL

GENERAL HALF-YEARLY REVIEW

OF

LITERATURE.

IT is with cheerfulness we sit down to the accomplishment of this task ; for a *Survey of Literature* is at all times pleasing, and at no period destitute of improvement. Such a Review affords a proud proof of the energies of the mind operating through the diversified channel of publications, towards the melioration of mankind. The return of the dark ages has no charms for us. We rejoice in the present prevalence of knowledge and virtue ; we hail the approach of that epocha, when their joint empire shall extend to the remotest regions of the earth !

With regard to our present retrospect, we see no reason to deviate from the arrangement which we have adopted on former occasions. Accordingly we commence our remarks with

HISTORY.

A Review of the Russian Empire, by MR. TOOKE, is a master-piece of the kind. Its author resided for many years at Petersburgh, in the character of Chaplain to the English Factory. His situation and respectability introduced him to the acquaintance of many persons who were able to yield him considerable assistance. Of this help he has assiduously availed himself ; we meet with a fund of information respecting the most extensive empire in the world.

MR. MAURICE has completed his grand work, *The History of Indostan*, in which great learning and ingenuity are displayed. The invasion of that vast territory, by Alexander the Great, is here investigated, and no small light thrown on that interesting transaction.

MR.

MR. WRAXALL has presented the public with his *Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna, in the Years 1777, 1778, and 1779.* We have seldom read a more pleasing work ; its interest and variety made a lasting impression upon us. We have inserted several extracts from this production, which, on being examined, will prove the justness of the opinion which we here deliver respecting it.

Nor must we omit to mention, under this article, *The New Annual Register for 1798*, with particular approbation. The unhappy affairs of Ireland are investigated with judgment and ability.

TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons* affords much curious remark on the ancient state of our island. It was the fault of Hume that he passed over, too slightly, the earlier periods of our history ; though for this defect Henry has, in his detail, made ample compensation. Every thing concerning Britain cannot fail of being interesting to the inhabitants of Britain.

HERON'S *History of Scotland*, is a work of considerable extent, but not of equal ability. We smile at his censures of Hume and Robertson, or they rather excite our indignation. That this writer has ability cannot be denied ; it is, however, sadly mixed and debased by ignorance and impetuosity. The rashness of his criticisms, and the arrogance of his pretensions, diminish almost all his productions. In the present history they are glaringly conspicuous ; and we yield it, on that account, a small portion of our approbation.

Memoirs of Pius VI. and of his Pontificate, down to the Period of his Retirement into Tuscany, is a sketch of merit, though the author has not chosen to avow his name. Indeed the history of the Popes in past ages, is so connected with the affairs of Europe, that we always sit down to the perusal of such works with a degree of interest. The downfall of the Popish superstition, however, is nearly accomplished ; events have, of late, wonderfully

wonderfully contributed to its annihilation. Its destruction is an object of prophecy in various parts of Scripture, and the councils of the Almighty shall not be frustrated.

THEOLOGY.

The Bishop of LINCOLN'S *Elements of Christian Theology*, is a valuable present to the young clergy of every description. It is a judicious selection of materials from various works of established reputation. All writers on the evidences of Christianity, stand much indebted to the learned labours of Dr. Lardner, who has been emphatically denominated the Prince of Modern Divines!

MR. GISBORNE, another clergyman of the church of England, has produced a work for young people, entitled, *A Familiar Survey of the Christian Religion*. It is a pleasing summary, well adapted to answer the purposes for which it is intended.

MR. PALMER'S *Defence of the Christian Sabbath*, is an useful tract; it brings together, in a short compass, the arguments for the observance of a *seventh* portion of time, and specifies the manner after which it should be passed.

DR. TOULMIN'S *Funeral Sermon for the Reverend Mr. Gillard*, near Taunton, is an affectionate tribute of respect to the memory of a good man and a sincere Christian.

MR. OWEN'S *Christian Monitor* is a well-written and sensible production, designed to counteract the scepticism and indifference too observable in the professors of Christianity.

MEDICINE.

MR. PARKINSON, the author of that invaluable work, *Medical Admonitions for Families*, has just sent forth

forth a familiar address, under the title of the *Villager's Friend and Physician*. We are happy in declaring, that this little pamphlet ought to be everywhere put into the hands of the lower classes of the community—so valuable are its contents—so beneficial its tendency. Under this article we shall only further notice

DR. BEDDOES's *Observations made at the Medical Pneumatic Institution*—the inhalation of pure gas, a certain species of air, is the subject of this pamphlet; and its effects are truly curious on those who have made the experiment. It produces a tendency to laugh, and, therefore, may be termed an highly pleasant medicine. These sensations, it seems, were experienced by Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Southey, and many others. The case of Mr. Southey, the poet, shall be transcribed in the words of the merry Doctor himself.

“Mr. Robert Southey could not distinguish between the first effects and an apprehension, of which he was unable to divest himself. His first definite sensations were a fullness and dizziness in the head, such as to induce fear of falling. This was succeeded by a laugh, which was involuntary, but highly pleasureable, accompanied by a peculiar thrilling in the extremities, a sensation perfectly new and delightful. For many hours after this experiment, he imagined his *taste* and *smell* were more acute, and is certain that he felt unusually strong and cheerful. In a second experiment, he felt pleasure still superior, and has since poetically remarked, that he supposes the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens, to be composed of this GAS!”

After such original discoveries, who can presume to say, that the *energies* of medicine may not, at some future period, terminate in a NATURAL IMMORTALITY?

POLITICS.

POLITICS.

It is difficult to touch in these times on this irritated topic, without giving offence. We cannot however help observing, that we earnestly long for peace, that most distinguished of earthly blessings! Accordingly we feel favourable to all those political discussions which tend to display a spirit, and to secure to mankind the blessings of liberty.

RAMEL's *Narrative of the Deportation of the French Deputies*, shews us that the French, with all their boast, did not possess true freedom, when they consigned a number of respectable individuals to the horrors of banishment, without trial, or even common scrutiny. This is an interesting sketch of their sufferings, with which every well constituted mind must sympathise. Surely such proceedings cannot be the genuine fruits of an enlightened liberty.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT's *Appeal, Civil, and Military*, on the subject of the English constitution, contains much information, and breathes a sincere desire to serve the interests of his country.

THORNTON's *Politician's Creed*, is, though too voluminous, remarkable for the variety of important topics it embraces, and may be read with considerable improvement.

WYVILL's *Defence of the Secession from Parliament*, is able, but not to us satisfactory. We have a high respect for the talents and virtues of its venerable author; but we at the same time think, that the opposition members who have seceded, ought to return to their duty, in justice both to their constituents and to their country. When at their post they can, at least, bear their testimony against proceedings which are, in their opinion, injurious to the civil and religious interests of mankind.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

WELD'S *Travels through the United States and Canada*, is, on the whole, an entertaining work, though evidently written with a degree of prejudice against the western continent. We find a good deal of information respecting many parts of America, and we were interested in the perusal of it. Mr. Weld is an Irish gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood of Dublin; the tendency of his work is by no means favourable to emigration.

We are also presented with another performance respecting the same quarter of the world. MR. NEUMAN has translated two quarto volumes from the French of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, entitled, *Tour through the United States of North America, the country of Iroquois and Upper Canada, in the Years 1795, 1796, and 1797*. This, from its extent, takes in a wide sweep, and abounds with remarks illustrative of the manners of our transatlantic brethren. The sketch of a Mr. Johnson, who fell into the hands of Indians, is highly interesting, and accordingly we have, on a former occasion, given it in our MISCELLANY. The author of this tour is an exiled French nobleman, who has adopted this method of passing his time in visiting foreign lands, till the pilgrim shall be received back into the bosom of his country.

BROWNE'S *Travels into Egypt* abound with various intelligence about the east, which has always, on account of its antiquity and populousness, been an interesting portion of the globe. This traveller has a brief but expressive mode of communicating his ideas to the reader, of which an idea may be formed from his *Sketch of Jerusalem*, which enriched the last Number of THE VISITOR. We were sorry to observe a spirit of infidelity pervading the work; it greatly diminished the pleasure we experienced in perusing it.

SONNINI'S

SONNINI'S *Travels into Egypt*, are also a very valuable work ; he is a Republican Frenchman, but full of observation and vivacity. This is said to have been the performance that induced the French Consul to have visited that distant part of the world. Be that as it may, the publication is extremely entertaining, but it is debased with many indecent paragraphs, with which the English reader could have dispensed. We do not stand in need of any pictures, drawn from the licentiousness of the East, to heighten our national profligacy. There are two translations ; the one by the celebrated Dr. Henry Hunter, the other published by Stockdale, but the name of the translator is concealed. We do not pretend to say that Dr. Hunter is faultless in his version, but surely there cannot be so many blunders in it as the anonymous translator would have us to believe. He has employed, by way of Preface, several quarto pages in exposing the defects of the Reverend gentleman ; we were sorry to perceive such animosity, and we must confess that the animadvertor seems irritated because Dr. Hunter, quickening his pace, had secured a priority of publication.

We shall close this department by the mention of ST. FOND'S *Travels into England and Scotland*. This writer combines much instruction and entertainment. He is rather too adulatory respecting certain gentlemen who had behaved kindly to him, and for common readers there are too many enquiries into mineralogy. But, notwithstanding these objections, we can speak of the peregrinations of this naturalist in strong terms of approbation. Every effort, either by natives or foreigners, to lay open the beauties of our island, deserves a grateful reception. Providence has been particularly favourable to us in this respect ; few countries have been more minutely investigated, the result is always in favour of the natural advantages of Great Britain.

BIOGRAPHY.

A second volume of the *British Public Characters* has been produced, not inferior to the former, and has to boast of great variety. Though gratified by many of its details, yet, upon anonymous sketches we cannot rely with certainty. The abundance of panegyric scattered throughout almost every page, makes us likewise suspect that the modest bounds of truth are, sometimes, exceeded. It will be remembered that the impartiality of history towards her most celebrated characters, arises, in a great measure, from the circumstance that they have been long ago consigned to the mansions of rest!

The Annual Necrology is, however, not liable to the objection of recording living characters; it contains sketches of persons of all descriptions, both at home and abroad. The life of Daniel Dancer, the famous, or if you please, the *in-famous* miser, given in our last REVIEW, is a sufficient specimen. The idea of furnishing such a volume at the close of the year, is a good one; and, in the next volume, we trust the great and illustrious Washington will receive from the pen of an able biographer the honour due to his memory!

The Life of General Hoche, from the French of ROUSELIN, is a curiosity. This famous General was originally a stable-boy, but rose to eminence through his enterprising activity. In this respect the late Revolution in France may be compared to a violent tempest agitating the ocean, and causing it to throw up to its surface articles which, otherwise, would have lain hidden in impenetrable obscurity!

POETRY.

The Annual Anthology, a collection of poems by various hands, possesses much merit, its reputed editor is MR. SOUTHEY. In our stated Review we have been liberal in our selections from this work; nothing more, therefore, need be said on the subject.

Grove

Grove Hill, by MR. MAURICE, is a sketch of Dr. Lettsom's villa and gardens at Camberwell. There are many fine lines of poetry which cannot be perused with indifference by a reader of sensibility.

MRS. WEST, though not possessed of brilliant talents, is not without a portion of ability. Her *Poems* are, however, useful to the young, and may be read with improvement.

LADY MANNERS's *Review of Poetry*, manifests a pleasing discrimination. Elegance is here happily blended with instruction.

The Pleasures of Hope, by T. CAMPBELL, are the effusions of a young mind, but deserving of warm approbation. The second edition is both enlarged and improved. The following spirited address to Religion we admire :

Daughter of FAITH ! awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown—the chaos of the tomb.
Melt and dispel the spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
Fly like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes with eagle gaze,
The noon of heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
On heav'nly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem, sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill !

We close the article of Poetry with the mention of MR. HEPTINSTALL's very handsome edition of *Milton's Paradise Lost*. Several of its numbers, decorated with exquisite plates, have already appeared, and the remainder will be soon completed. A new Life of its great author will be prefixed to the work, with

the criticisms of that literary *Hercules*, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

NOVELS.

As we have no exalted opinion of the general run of these compositions, we shall study brevity on the subject.

The Gipsy Countess, by MISS GUNNING, is far above mediocrity; nor are its sentiments wholly destitute of originality.

Destination, or Memoirs of a Private Family, by CLARA REEVE, did not equal our expectations. At least it is not deserving of being put on the same shelf with *The Old English Baron*, which came from the same pen, and attracted much attention.

The Orphan and Heiress of Sir Gregory, is founded on events which arose in the reign of Charles the First, and serves to stigmatise the Parliamentarians with a pointed opprobrium. To us, therefore, the subject appears far-fetched, nor are we greatly pleased with the execution.

PROBY'S *Mysterious Seal* contains many passages entitled to our approbation. But it did not strike us by any distinguishing traits of superiority.

MRS. HELME'S *Albert* is a respectable performance; her other little works are also marked with good sense and benevolence. Every writer devoting his or her talent to the use of the rising generation, commands our approbation. We are sorry that novels in general do not possess a more useful tendency. Their authors oftentimes are desirous of establishing their fame, both for originality of sentiment and brilliancy of language, to the neglect of real utility. This may seem, to many of our readers, a severe opinion; but a retrospect of this department will justify its severity.

DRAMA.

Of the productions of the stage we have little to say, having in our DRAMATICAL REGISTER imparted our opinion of its various productions, just in the order they

they were brought forward to the public. To that portion of the VISITOR we refer, persuaded that though we make no boast of our theatrical intelligence, yet it will, on the whole, be found a just sketch of the subject. The stage, well regulated, may prove highly beneficial to society.

EDUCATION.

MRS. BRYANT'S *Astronomy*, is a judicious epitome of the discoveries of modern times, respecting this sublime science. The various phænomena are perspicuously detailed and familiarly illustrated.

ADAMS'S *Summary of Geography and History, both Ancient and Modern*, is, of itself, a little library. The pages are large and close printed, and information is communicated on an immense variety of subjects. The author is master of the High School, Edinburgh, and, consequently, possesses a classical reputation.

English Grammar, by LINDLEY MURRAY, is a complete performance of the kind; it abounds with useful remarks on our native language. After such assistance has been proffered, inaccuracies of style ought to be banished from the rising generation.

Nor must we close without mentioning RENDER'S *German Grammar*, a work of merit and high utility. The rules are laid down with ease and perspicuity. A new type, by Caslon, was cast on purpose, and the work merits from the public the most unreserved approbation.

Thus have we glanced at a few of the most interesting publications in History, Theology, Medicine, Politics, Voyages, Travels, Biography, Poetry, Novels, and in Education. It may serve as a guide to the young mind in the purchase of books; and will, we trust, facilitate his progress in knowledge and virtue. Without these necessary accomplishments man makes a poor figure in society; his powers want expansion, his passions are liable to be turned out of their proper channel, and the energies of his character are either miserably paralysed, or operate to his destruction.

SELECTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN PAPERS,
RELATIVE TO THE
ILLNESS, DEATH, AND FUNERAL,
OF
GENERAL WASHINGTON*.

SOME time in the night of Friday the 13th of December, 1799, having been exposed to a rain on the preceding day, General Washington was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the upper part of the wind pipe, called in technical language *Cynanche trachealis*. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult rather than a painful deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration. The necessity of blood-letting suggesting itself to the General, he procured a bleeder in the neighbourhood, who took from his arm, in the night, twelve or fourteen ounces of blood: he would not by any means be prevailed upon by the family to send for the attending physician till the following morning, who arrived at Mount Vernon at about eleven o'clock on Saturday. Discovering the case to be highly alarming, and foreseeing the fatal tendency of the disease, two consulting physicians were immediately sent for, who arrived, one at half after three, the other at four o'clock in the afternoon: in the interim were employed two copious bleedings, a blister was applied to the part affected, two moderate doses of calomel were

* We refer our readers to the *First* Volume of our MISCELLANY, for a striking likeness of this extraordinary man in his military address, and for an entertaining detail of his history. EDITORS.

given, and an injection was administered, which operated on the lower intestines—but all without any perceptible advantage; the respiration becoming still more difficult and distressing.

Upon the arrival of the first of the consulting physicians, it was agreed, as there were yet no signs of accumulation in the bronchial vessels of the lungs, to try the result of another bleeding, when about thirty-two ounces of blood were drawn, without the smallest apparent alleviation of the disease. Vapours of Vinegar and water were frequently inhaled, ten grains of calomel were given, succeeded by repeated doses of emetic tartar, amounting in all to five or six grains, with no other effect than a copious discharge from the bowels. The powers of life seemed now manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder. Blisters were applied to the extremities, together with a cataplasm of bran and vinegar to the throat. Speaking, which was painful from the beginning, now became almost impracticable: respiration grew more and more contracted and imperfect, till half after eleven o'clock on Saturday night (retaining the full possession of his intellect) when he expired without a struggle.

He was fully impressed at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal; submitting to the several exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system as coeval with the disease; and several hours before his decease, after repeated efforts to be understood, succeeded in expressing a desire, that he might be permitted to die without interruption.

During the short period of his illness, he economized his time in the arrangement of such few concerns as required his attention with the utmost serenity, and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration

monstration of that equanimity, for which his whole life has been so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

JAMES CRAIK, Attending Physician.

ELISHA C. DICK, Consulting Physician.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19.

In the House of Representatives this morning, General Marshall, after expressing in strong and elegant terms, the deep regret which was universally excited by the death of General Washington, presented four resolutions to the following effect, viz.

Resolved, That this House will wait on the President of the United States, in condolence of this mournful event.

Resolved, That the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the house wear black during the session.

Resolved, That a committee, in conjunction with one from the senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honour to the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country.

Resolved, That this house, when it adjourn, do adjourn to Monday.

These Resolutions were unanimously agreed to. Sixteen Members were appointed on the third Resolution.

A message from the President was received, communicating a letter from Tobias Lear, Esq. Private Secretary to General Washington.

PRESIDENT's MESSAGE.

"Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

"The letter herewith transmitted, will inform you, that it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life, our excellent fellow-citizen George Washington; by the purity of his character, and a long series of services

services to his country, rendered illustrious through the world. It remains for an affectionate and grateful people, in whose hearts he can never die, to pay suitable honour to his memory.

"Mount Vernon,
December 15, 1799."

"JOHN ADAMS.

"SIR,

"It is with inexpressible grief, that I have to announce to you the death of the great and good General Washington. He died last evening between ten and eleven o'clock, after a short illness of about twenty-four hours. His disorder was an inflammatory sore throat, which proceeded from a cold, of which he made but little complaint on Friday. On Saturday morning about three o'clock, he became ill. Dr. Craick, attended him in the morning, and Dr. Dick, of Alexandria, and Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco, were soon after called in. Every medical assistance was offered, but without the desired effect. His last scene corresponded with the whole tenor of his life. Not a groan or a complaint escaped him, in extreme distress. With perfect resignation, and a full possession of his reason, he closed his well spent life.

"I have the Honour to be, &c.

"TOBIAS LEAR."

"The President of the United States."

Generals Marshall and Smith were appointed to wait on the President, to know at what time it would be convenient to receive the house.

Generals Marshall and Smith having waited on the President with the first resolution, reported that the President would be ready to receive them at one o'clock this day. The house accordingly waited on him.

The Speaker addressed the President in the following words:

"SIR,

" SIR,

" The House of Representatives, penetrated with a sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the Nation, by the death of that great and good man, the illustrious and beloved Washington, wait on you, Sir, to express their condolence on this melancholy and distressing event."

To which the President made the following answer:—

" *Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,*

" I receive with great respect and affection the condolence of the House of Representatives on the melancholy and afflicting event, in the death of the most illustrious and beloved personage which this country ever produced; I sympathise with you, with the Nation, and with the good men through the World, in this irreparable loss sustained by us all.

" JOHN ADAMS."

George Town, Dec. 20.

On Wednesday last, the mortal part of Washington the Great—the Father of his Country, and the Friend of Man, was consigned to the tomb with solemn honours and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but, alas! the august inhabitant *was now no more*. That great soul *was gone*. His mortal part was there *indeed*; but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to *mortal* eyes, fallen! — Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty *portico*, where oft the hero walked in all his glory, *now* lay the shrouded corpse.—The countenance, still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit which lately dwelt in
that

that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament, at the head of the coffin, was inscribed *SURGE AD JUDICIUM*—about the middle of the coffin, *GLORIA DEO*—and on the silver plate,

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 14TH

OF DECEMBER '99, *ÆT.* 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow; the corpse was moved; a band of music, with mournful melody, melted the soul into all the the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed, and moved on in the following order:

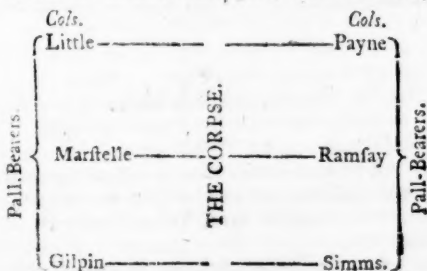
CAVALRY—INFANTRY—GUARDS.

(WITH ARMS REVERSED.)

MUSIC—CLERGY.

THE GENERAL'S HORSE.

(WITH HIS SADDLE, HOLSTERS, AND PISTOLS.)



MOURNERS.

MASONIC BRETHREN.

CITIZENS.

When

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomack, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount, and formed their lines—the clergy, the masonic brothers, and the citizens, descended to the vault, and the funeral service of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry; the cavalry and eleven pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomack back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the armies of the United States, and to the venerable departed hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the sun of glory was set for ever.—No! the name of *Washington*, the American President and General, will triumph over death—the unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate future ages!

THE DRAMA.

ADELAIDE, by Mr. Pye, the Poet Laureat, has been condemned, and withdrawn from representation. On the other hand, *SPEED THE PLOUGH*, at Covent Garden, has been uncommonly successful. It is the production of Mr. Morton, and we say nothing more about it at present, in order that we may do it the more justice by a full account in the next Number of our MISCELLANY.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1800.

MATILDA.

HOW wretched his being whom mis'ry oppresses!
But *she*, how *more* wretched, who mis'ry must
bear!

Possess you a heart that can feel her distresses?
Then list to the woes of Matilda the fair.

All lovely in temper, in air condescending,
On sickness and want with compassion attending;
Each virtue at once in her character blending,
Bright purity shone in Matilda the fair.

Cordellio she lov'd, he return'd her affection,
And soon she expected the bridals to wear;
With joy all beheld their approaching connection,
And happiness smil'd on Matilda the fair.

But short was her bliss from the prospect deriving,
For now a rich maid in the village arriving,
Was smit with Cordellio, and artfully striving,
Purloin'd his weak heart from Matilda the fair.

They married—Good God! of this fatal transaction,
I shudder the horrid effects to declare!
The tidings roll'd swift on the bolt of distraction,
And frenzied the soul of Matilda the fair.

Now daily to places most lonely repairing,
 She roams loudly sad, or sits stupor'd despairing,
 While her cheeks pale and hollow, her eyes wildly
 glaring.

Have lost every trace of Matilda the fair.

CHERTSEA.

THE MISER.

MISER! why countest thou thy treasure?
 Thy ill-got hoards of paltry gold!
 Hast thou a throb of secret pleasure,
 When conscience whispers, soft and slow,
 "These are the spoils that from oppression flow,
 "For which thy fame is sold!"

Why dost thou gloat on useless ore?
 Thou hast no joy in all thy wealth!
 Thou never heard'st the simple poor
 Bless thy benevolence, and cry—
 While gratitude illumines the uprais'd eye—
 "Heav'n grant thee years of health!"

Why dost thou, in the gloom of night,
 While loud the tempest rages wide,
 Tremble with horror's cold affright?
 And, grasping ev'ry shining woe,
 To some dark nook, with fault'ring footsteps go,
 The useless heaps to hide?

Dost thou not hear the thunder's voice,
 Reproving heav'n's just vengeance, speak?
 Dost thou not hear the fiends rejoice,
 While on thy tott'ring roof obscure,
 The tears of outrag'd nature, welching pour,
 To chill thy wither'd cheek?

See thy lean frame, thy sunken eyes,
 Behold the victor death, and know,
 That when the wretched *miser* dies,
 No bosom pities—on his tomb,
 No graceful wreath of spring shall ever bloom,
 No tear of *friendship* flow!

Forgotten! or, if not, abhorr'd,
Can all thy treasures, left behind,
Bid *memory* thy toil reward—
Or meek religion breathe to heav'n
One pray'r that thou may'st ever be forgiv'n,
O! *miscreant unkind!*

Thou, who woud'st lie belov'd, carefs'd,
Let sweet humanity be giv'n
By *thee*, to e'en a *fee* distress'd;
But when the child of virtue sighs,
When genius to the *open threshold* flies
Know, 'tis the *path to heav'n*.

LAURA MARIA.

THE
OLD SOLDIER,

[From Mrs. Robinson's new Novel, the Natural
Daughter.]

O PITY! if thy holy tear
Immortal decks the wing of time
'Tis when the soldier's honour'd bier
Demands the glitt'ring drop sublime;
For who, from busy life remov'd
Such glorious, dang'rous toil has prov'd,
As *he*, who on th' embattled plain
Lies, nobly slain!

He, who forsakes his native shore
To meet the whizzing ball of death;
Who, mid the battle's fateful roar,
Resigns his ling'ring, parting breath;
Who, when the deal'ning din is done,
So well deserves as valour's son,
The proud, the lasting wreath of fame,
To grace his name?

Hard is his fate, the sultry day
 To wander o'er the burning plain;
 All night to waste the hours away,
 Mid howling winds and beating rain.
 To talk, O vision sadly sweet!
 With her his eyes will never meet,
 And find at morn's returning gleam
 'Twas but a dream!

To mark the haughty brow severe;
 To hear th' imperious, stern command:
 To heave the sigh, to drop the tear,
 While mem'ry paints his native land.
 To know, the laurel he has won,
 Twines round the brow of fortune's son,
 While *he*, when strength and youth are flown,
 Shall die *unknown!*

IDLENESS.

WHO has not seen the maiden morn arise,
 Her blushing cheek with heav'n's prime light
 o'erspread;
 Now with a ling'ring paleness mount the skies,
 Now gild th' horizon with a glowing red?
 Who has not seen the murky night retire,
 Dragging along his thick unwelcome veil;
 Now at the far off wood he seems to tire,
 Now slowly quits the damp and foggy dale?
 Why there upon that couch supine he lies,
 His recreant soul, half-drown'd in slumbers deep;
 For twelve long hours each night he shuts his eyes,
 The slave-inglorious of half living sleep.
 For him the gladsome morn ne'er rose on high,
 For him the god-like sun ne'er shew'd his face,
 For him the clouds which travel through the sky,
 Never "drop fatness" on his kindred race.

Science, bedeck'd with robes of living light,
 Shall ne'er on him bestow one heav'nly ray;
 From him, disgusted with the hateful fight,
 Wisdom and wealth have turn'd their feet away.

And lovely health, long ling'ring round his bed,
 Is now about to take her last farewell;
 Dulness usurps the empire of his head,
 And sloth has bound him with her cobweb spell.

What has he done while living on this earth?
 What virtues have his fellow men admir'd?
 Whose lips rejoice that nature gave them birth,
 Or in his well-earn'd praise have never tir'd?

Come, ye distress'd, whom his assisting hand
 Kindly upheld, when troubled storms arose;
 Talk loudly of the schemes his wisdom plann'd,
 The arrows of misfortune to oppose.

Who from the thorny couch of sickness hies,
 To soothe, with kind return, his languid hours;
 And all the arts of skill and medicine tries,
 And all the balm of consolation pours.

Ah, no! "deserted in his utmost need,"
 His listless soul in anguish pines away;
 No unbought offices of love now feed
 His vacant memory with one happy day.

His wretched mind a blank—no knowledge there
 For silent meditation to con o'er;
 His life a lethargy of meanless care,
 Disdain'd a worldly or a mental store.

Uncounted roll'd his fleeting hours away,
 Unnotic'd now he sinks into the dust;
 Unmov'd, we see his frame consign'd to clay,
 No bleeding heart his monumental bust.

Then oh! beware, the man of sloth's fell wiles,
 On earth fair virtue's formidable foe;
 Learn to disdain her ease, distrust her smiles,
 They lure to wretchedness, they lead to woe.

September 18, 1799.

ORLANDO.

AN INVOCATION.

THE native language of the heart,
Which uncorrupted flows,
Must surely greater joys impart,
Than that which art bestows.

Yet both by turns the breast invade,
The glowing colours draw ;
Imploring oft dame nature's aid,
Yet violate her law.

The one in simple truth is drest,
Refining and refin'd ;
The other specious at the best,
And luculently blind.

Then come, sweet nature ! goddess free,
My humble lays inspire ;
Teach me to think and write like thee,
And emulate thy fire.

Oh ! unlock thy sacred store,
Unfold it to my view ;
Let me be rich in wisdom's lore,
From whence that wisdom grew.

Let me avoid the tinsel glare,
With swelling words high fraught ;
For such displease the tuneful ear,
Whose melody is thought.

Such wild bombast inflated verse,
True genius never breathes ;
But smooth the mellifluent tesse,
The genuine sense it gives.

View in some stripping poet's page,
How metaphors they roll ;
Words, which ill-plac'd, the eye engage,
But ne'er inform the soul.

But oh ! teach me that rock to shun,
Let not that fault be mine ;
Let sense, the bright meridian sun,
Conjoin in every line.

The grand design of verse should be,
To give, in fiction's drefs,
Some moral truth, which to convey,
Must make that fiction less.

Yet oft we see the poet's pen
Employ'd with manly rage;
To rouse from vice misguided men,
And lash a vicious age.

Such then deserve a poet's name,
Deserve the immortal bays;
Oh! be it then my only aim,
To emulate their praise.

W. MUDFORD.

SONG

FOR THE AMERICAN WAR-HOOP.

HENCE, dull peace, bloody war, bloody war let
us wage,
Blow the blast round each tribe to spread wide the
fierce flame;
In our breasts blaze the fires of resentment and rage,
O'er our heads be display'd the broad banners of fame.
To each hero, each chief, let the wampum be sent,
Let the axe dreadful grace to the present bestow;
Let him kiss the fierce gift, let him praise our intent,
And come drink with fell thirst, of the gore of the foe.
From the calumet's tube let thick volumes ascend,
Black and dark as the deeds that our bosoms suggest;
Let our courage drive on, and our gorget defend,
And the tomahawk's terror give steel to the breast.
Lo! to battle we speed, breathing fury and hate
For whole ages transfus'd from the fire to the son;
Shall weak pity's vain pray'r our resentment abate?
Whole ten thousands shall gasp e'er revenge be begun!

See the dogs of the north!—soon their heads strew the
 sands,
 Soon their marrow-suck'd bones prove our vengeful
 repast;
 Be their limbs scatter'd wide through our death-bearing
 bands,
 And their eye-balls for toys to our infants be cast.
 Hark! the fight bleeds amain, and thick rain the fierce
 darts,
 With the yells of destruction the campaign resounds;
 Haste to gore the fierce gash, and to gnaw the pluck'd
 hearts,
 And to quaff the warm life-blood that smokes from
 the wounds.
 No soft thoughts! no base rest! no inglorious delay!
 No dark mischief untried, no fierce danger we shun;
 But like heroes, impell'd by hot vengeance away,
 Crush out souls, bruise out brains, and lament the work's
 done.
 Should our foes prove the fight, and our fury defy,
 To their rage we indignant surrender our breath;
 We rejoice to reign kings o'er the worlds in the sky,
 And exult in the pangs of destruction and death. *

PANEGYRIC ON A GOLDFINCH.

HARK! oh, how melodious and gay,
 The sweet goldfinch chaunts forth its note;
 Methinks we may sit all the day,
 And listen to its warbling throat.
 The plumage, so lovely and fair,
 Our warm admiration excites;
 Lo! it mounts aloft in the air,
 Whilst its note, so charming, invites.
 Come, ye maidens and swains, attend
 To this sweet bird's enliv'ning song;
 Sure 'twill make you merry to lend
 Your ear, as in a warbling throng.

Taunton,
 November 30th, 1799.

J. TOLMIN.

TO THE OWL.

HAIL, bird of solitude and wisdom, hail !
 With thee 'tis pleasant for to roam, when men,
 Care's toiling sons, in rest are laid; when nought
 The solemn stillness of night's noon invades,
 Save the quick flitting of the dusky bat,
 Or the sweet plaint of Philomela's song;
 Far wiser thou than songsters of the morn,
 Who strain their throats to welcome in the day,
 That slowly dawneth on a trivial world.
 The silent hour thou lov'st, when heaven's high
 Concave's bright bespangl'd o'er with countless
 Worlds; for then the mind on contemplation's wing,
 Soars 'mid the region of extended space,
 'Till in the vast immensity 'tis lost.

Lynn.

J. RICHARDSON.

TO A YOUNG OAK.

THOU stripling plant, tho' slender now thy form,
 That bends before the flying blast its head;
 Yet ere revolving ages shall have fled,
 'Twill rise majestic 'mid the furious storm.

Then must thy arms a mighty shade that cast,
 With thy gigantic trunk be felled down;
 But yet not here will finish thy renown,
 Thy glory shall thro' distant ages last.

For in Britannia's navy shalt thou join
 Thy aid to bear her sailors o'er the wave,
 Those daring heroes who'd their country save,
 Tho' all the world against them should combine.

Genius of Albion! guard our native oak,
 And we ne'er fear to fall beneath a foreign yoke.

Lynn.

J. RICHARDSON.

CORYDON.

A DIEU to my Corydon dear,
Alas ! that he now is no more ;
His name I shall ever revere,
His loss I shall ever deplore.

There once was a time I complain'd,
That men were as false as the wind ;
But when my young heart he had gain'd,
His constancy alter'd my mind.

I found him as true as the dove,
Nor riches could e'er gain his heart ;
He lov'd me for nought but my love,
Then guess how it grieves me to part.

The joy that I felt in yon bow'r,
Arose from our mutual love ;
'Twas such—to describe I've no pow'r,
'Twas such—I can ne'er but approve.

How often my fancy has drawn,
When wedlock had made us but one ;
Night's mirth, or the bus'ness of morn,
Work ended, or labour begun.

But fancy no longer can please,
No longer can give me delight ;
Nor again can it give my heart ease,
Nor put these my sorrows to flight.

No longer the hill or the vale,
To me any pleasure can give ;
But pensive, I'll seek out the vale,
Where Corydon used to live.

'Tis there I will wander and roam,
'Till nature shall break at this heart ;
And send me to that happy home,
Where never again we shall part.

RUSTICUS.

A

PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

THE FINE PLEASANT FELLOW.

SEE, the school-hour is o'er, and the sports are begun,
See at cricket they halloo, they laugh—how they
run !

A thousand strange projects resound far and near,
Regardless of prudence, regardless of fear ;
Till, forgetting each master's or parent's behest,
Gay, idle, and thoughtless, his heart light in his
breast,

Without thought of to-morrow, of sorrow, or strife,
The fine pleasant fellow dashes first into life.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and he joins in the chase,
Next, he's charm'd with the sport and the bets at a
race ;

He games, drinks, and dances the long hours away,
Impatient with pleasure to fill the whole day ;
And alike fond of joys of the table or field,
He scorns to give out, and was ne'er known to yield,
Till all his companions observe with a smile,
That the fine pleasant fellow is living in style.

Grown older, done up, and unable to pay,
Diseas'd, vex'd, and fretful—yet still fond of play,
With those he despises, he's still seen to game,
Still hoping to win, and still careless of fame,
Each tradesman unpaid, who his follies supply'd,
He stoops to all arts, and each meanness of pride !
Till duns, debts, and attorneys, each moment assail,
And the fine pleasant fellow's confin'd in a jail !

There, distress'd and forsaken by foe and by friend,
Bow'd down, by degrees he bends on to his end,
Return'd to a sense of his folly too late,
From morning to evening he curses his fate,
And too proud to repent and too late to recede,
With a desperate hand does a desperate deed !
Whilst a terrified crowd the sad relics survey,
Of the fine pleasant fellow the martyr of play !

THE DULL PLODDING FELLOW.

SEE the school's broken up, and the pastime's begun,
Full of mirth and good humour, of laughter and
fun;

No thought of the future disturbs the gay breast,
But the scene is all frolic, all freedom and jest,
The parties all made, and the books thrown aside,
Few think there are pleasures by prudence deny'd,
Few think it, save one, and who is he? d'ye ask?
'Tis the dull plodding fellow, that's hard at his task.

Now enter'd on life, with few pence in his purse,
He determines his little he ne'er will make worse,
But content to be poor, labour hard to be wise;
Yet as riches from learning are oft known to rise,
Should that be the case—it is part of his plan
To be known—by the name of a staunch honest man;
'Tis the title he'll bear to his life's latest end,
For the dull plodding fellow's still true to his friend.

Grown wealthy, and pleas'd with his fortunate lot,
The hope of his youth, tho' delay'd, not forgot;
The blessing he toil'd for, he asks and obtains,
The hand of his fair one rewards all his pains,
And children around him all strive to improve,
From the precepts of wisdom, deliver'd by love;
Whilst each added year adds a joy to his life,
Belov'd by his friends, and his children, and wife.

Till advanc'd to old age, and now sinking in death,
Not grieving but griev'd for, he yields his last breath;
Servants, children, and wife, bless the voice that expires,
And e'en after his death still respect his desires;
Whilst the needy, in crowds, at the church-yard attend,
To drop the last tear o'er their much valu'd friend;
And each neighbour still sighs, as he passes his door,
For the dull plodding fellow was lov'd by the poor!

Literary Review.

The View of Hindostan. Two Volumes. Quarto.
Hughes. 2l. 12s. 6d.

THIS was the last work of the indefatigable Mr Pennant, who paid the debt of nature towards the close of the year 1798. In our Number for January 1799, we presented our readers with his portrait, together with a very particular detail of his life and labours. It was there mentioned that he had formed an extensive work under this expressive title, "*Outlines of the Globe!*" The work had been finished, and remained in manuscript on the shelves of his library. The ingenious author published these two volumes by way of specimen; they afford wonderful proofs of his persevering industry. The first paragraph of the preface is both striking and explanatory; it shall be transcribed.

"These two volumes," says Mr. Pennant, "are composed from the fourteenth and fifteenth of my OUTLINES OF THE GLOBE. I had many solicitations from private friends, and a few wishes from persons unknown, delivered in the public prints, to commit to the press a part in the form in which the posthumous volumes might hereafter make their appearance. I might have pleaded the imprudence of the attempt, at my time of life, of beginning so arduous an undertaking in my seventy-first year. I happily, till very lately, had scarcely any admonition of the advanced season. I

VOL. IX.

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plunged into the sea of troubles, and, with my papers in one hand made my way through the waves with the other, and brought them secure to land. This, alas ! is senile boasting. I must submit to the judgment of the public, and learn from thence how far I am to be censured for so grievous an offence against the maxim of Aristotle, who fixes the decline of human abilities at the forty-ninth year. I ought to shudder, when I consider the wear and tear of twenty-two-years; and I feel shocked at the remark of the elegant Delaney, who observes, "that it is generally agreed among wise men, that few great attempts at least in the learned way, have ever been wisely undertaken and happily executed after that period!" I cannot defend the wisdom, yet from the good fortune of my life, I will attempt the execution."

Thus modestly and engagingly does the venerable author speak of this child of his old age. We however perceive no marks of decline about the work, which is full of information and entertainment. In the latter part of the preface, Mr. Pennant acknowledges his obligations in a handsome manner to Major Rennell, Sir William Jones, and the Reverend Thomas Maurice, for the assistance which their publications afforded him in the completion of this his favourite work.

Mr. Pennant's intention in the *Outlines of the Globe*, was to travel every part of this habitable earth in imagination, furnishing himself with materials from travellers and navigators, who had visited those parts of the world. In this manner did *De Foe* write a journal of the plague, which raged in this metropolis during the last century; and after this mode also, was that ingenious man thought to have made his *Tour through England*.

Mr. Pennant, therefore, thus personifying the traveller, has, in these volumes, furnished a very entertaining and instructive account of the East Indies; those distant regions of the globe which have contributed

to the wealth and prosperity of our country. Having thus particularly explained the nature of the work, we refer the reader to some curious extracts in the present Number of our Miscellany.

We shall only add, that this interesting work is embellished with several beautiful engravings, including landscapes and subjects of natural history. We fervently hope, that the other volumes of the *Outlines of the Globe* may be consigned over to the public.

The Villager's Friend and Physician, or a Familiar Address on the Preservation of Health and the Removal of Disease on its First Appearance, supposed to be delivered by a Village Apothecary; with Curfory Observations on the Treatment of Children, on Sobriety, Industry, &c. intended for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness. By James Parkinson. Symonds. 1s. Eighty-five Pages.

THE author of *Medical Admonitions for Families*, has here applied his talents in a most happy and benevolent manner to the relief of the lower classes of the community. Of the object of this little work every individual must entertain a favourable idea, and the utility of its contents may be pronounced beyond calculation. It is adapted to remove those vices and diseases among the POOR, the prevalence of which is a subject of very serious regret to every well constituted mind. For this humane effort, Mr. Parkinson deserves the thanks of society.

We have seldom seen so small a work embracing such a variety of important topics, so immediately connected with the welfare and happiness of the persons to whom it is addressed. Beside the excellent medical advice with which it abounds, moral observations are here and there interspersed with an appropriate felicity. It is our sincere wish that the wealthy would contribute for

the distribution of such a pamphlet amongst the poor; this would, in every respect, be a well directed generosity, for by such a measure both their bodies and minds would be essentially benefitted.

Of the *moral advice* given in this familiar address, take the following specimen :

“ The amusements to which I have hitherto alluded, are those adapted to the summer, when fine weather and long days give the opportunities of an hour or two of day-light for your enjoyment when labour is over. But in winter, a greater portion of time will be found free from the exercise of business, which want of day-light renders you unable to employ in out-door amusements. This portion of time is too commonly devoted to the ale-house; and this, it is frequently said, because your home can afford you no amusement. But let me point out an amusement or two, which I am confident, when you have made trial of for a little time, will yield you delight beyond any you have ever experienced, whilst smothering away life in that grave of happiness. Most of you have children, and if you are not devoid of affection for them, pleasures beyond expression will be derived from instructing them :

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought;
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.

THOMSON.

But you may say, that, not having yourself received the advantages of education, you can communicate to them but little instruction. The instruction I however allude to, is such as the most unlearned may communicate. Trace over in your memory the various events of your past life; you will then see how you failed in your aim to do well, and also, why your endeavours sometimes succeeded. Communicate to your children the reflections which these observations create. Shew them the advantages of industry, civility, and sobriety; let them see the necessity and advantage of rendering themselves useful to those around them. Place before them particularly the policy of such conduct towards their employers : since he who

who renders himself useful to his employer, becomes necessary to him; and creates that attachment of his master, both from interest and from respect for his industry; that, if he engage also his affection by his civility and obligingness, the most advantageous and profitable consequences may follow. Point out to them the evils, which experience has taught you the necessity of avoiding. Put aside all false shame—own your youthful follies to them.—Show them the ill effects which followed, and confirm them in the resolution of shunning similar foibles; and, on the other hand, hold out to their imitation those actions which recollection is delighted in recalling. By this conduct, you will not only lead your children into a love of virtuous and industrious exertions, and take away the necessity of employing that correction which may rob you of their love; but you will actually excite their affections, make them love their father as their friend, and perhaps secure for yourself in age, that protection from your child, which you might otherwise have to seek from a work-house. But to be assured of this, teach them to abhor cruelty to the brute creation; since the child who delights, to torment any fellow-being, may be brought at last to view the sufferings of even a parent, with feelings, worse than indifference. Be assured

That all the pious duties which we owe
Our parents, friends, our country and our God;
The seeds of every virtue here below
From discipline alone and early culture grow.

WEST.

"The amusement which books afford, exceeds all others, which can be enjoyed by the fire-side, by those whose days have been laboriously exercised. But should this not be to your taste, or should your youthful progress in learning not have been sufficient to enable you to indulge in this delightful enjoyment; have not to reproach yourself with not having done all in your power, to enable your children to obtain the pleasures and benefits of reading. Consider at how trifling an expence you may procure them this useful and entertaining accomplishment, and that a few pence, a very few pence, weekly employed for this purpose, may better their situation through the whole of their life. By reading they will have their minds stored with precepts, instructive to the preservation both of their

health and morals: they will become better members of society, be more confirmed in their duty to you, and be furnished with an inexhaustible source of amusement and reflection for every vacant hour; so that the tediousness of leisure shall not drive them to the ale-house for amusement. In their youth it will afford them amusement and instruction, and in age, comfort.

“Nor do I go out of my way when I recommend reading to you; for I recommend it as a medicine, which, by its effects on the mind, will secure you from the attacks of some diseases which really originate from the mind not being sufficiently exercised; and also, as a remedy which will better enable you to beguile away the dreary hours of confinement, from almost any kind of malady. Nor is this remedy an expensive one, since there is *one volume*, the cheapest in the kingdom, which, whether you seek to be interested by the plain facts of history, by the most pathetic descriptions and situations, or by the most marvellous and even miraculous adventures; whether your taste be for plain prose, or for the most sublime poetry: whether in your youth, you search for instructions for obtaining happiness; or in your age, solid and essential comfort, this *one volume* will afford it all.”

Of the manner in which *diseases* are treated, the subsequent extract will enable you to form an opinion.

“The disease which I shall next speak of, is often, in its first stage, mistaken for the effect of worms. *Dropsy of the Brain*, or *Watery Head*, may be suspected, when a child appears uncommonly heavy and dull, complains of pain in the head, has its sleep disturbed with alarming dreams, reluctantly moves its head from the pillow, or attends to surrounding objects; and is affected with frequent sickness and slight fever. To distinguish this disease in that early stage, to which the above symptoms belong, requires such skill as you cannot possess; therefore here you must not trifle, but on the appearance of symptoms resembling those I have mentioned, consider there is no other alternative, you must either apply directly to the most respectable professional man, or to some charitable institution. To pretend to recommend particular remedies in this case, would, you must see, be in me a presumption full of mischief.

“This

"This complaint is frequently occasioned by the falls on the head, which children are exposed to on first going alone. Guard their heads, therefore, at this time, with the old-fashioned head-dress for children, a quilted stuffed cap, or pudding. I am sorry to be obliged to add another cause of this malady, severe blows on the head, inflicted in the correction of children. Parents too often forget the weight of their hands and the delicate structure of a child. You must excuse the direction—It was but yesterday I passed the cottage of one you all know to have neglected his children; I heard the plaintive and suppliant cries of a child, and rushed into the cottage; where I saw the father, whose countenance was dreadful, from the strong marks of passion and cruelty which it bore, beating most unmercifully his son, about ten years old. The poor child's countenance would, one would have supposed, obtained mercy from the most obdurate; it was thrunk up with dread and terror; the most earnest and humble supplications proceeded from his lips, whilst his eyes were fixed with horror on the impending instrument of his chastisement. I stopped the brute from proceeding in his violent outrage, asking what was the crime the boy had committed, and found he had not finished the task of work he had set him. Ah! John, I exclaimed, consider how you ever neglected your children; you have never troubled yourself to give them good advice, nor refrained from setting them bad examples. The crimes of the children of such a parent must be on his head: you merit correction, and not he, for you never showed him what it was to be industrious. Expect not duty from a child, if you have not done yours towards him. Duties are required of parents as well as of children; and although an undutiful child may be termed a monster, know, that the worst of monsters is an *undutiful parent*. The wretch growled at the interruption he had suffered; and I need hardly say, manifested no compunction or regret, at his cruelty.

"What I have told you, is not foreign to the purpose of our meeting; for, not only do I believe the disease I have spoken of, may be brought on by undue correction, but I have seen most dangerous diseases occasioned by the terror thus excited in the mind of a child. Let reason and parental tenderness weigh with you; and, in justice to the little offending trembler, before you correct your child, correct your own anger;

and if you would wish to be respected as a father, inflict no more suffering on him who has no one else to look to for protection, than is really necessary for his future welfare."

Indeed a *cheaper* and *better* pamphlet for the use of the POOR, was scarcely ever before offered to the public. In these pages the head and heart of the author appear to equal advantage; and we cannot help giving such a publication our unreserved approbation.

The Life of Major J. G. Semple Lisle, containing a faithful Narrative of his alternate Vicissitudes of Splendour and Misfortune, written by Himself. The Whole interspersed with interesting Anecdotes and authentic Accounts of important public Transactions.
Stewart. 7s.

THIS little great man was, as it is well known, tried and condemned at the Old Bailey in 1795, where he was sentenced to be transported to Botany Bay. His crime was *swindling*, and every attempt to elude the verdict of the law proved ineffectual. Accordingly he was sent, with other convicts in the Lady Shore, to the place of his destination. A mutiny in the ship once more set him free, and he, together with some of the officers, found their way back to England. Upon his return he was lodged in Tothill Fields Bridewell, whence has issued this most curious piece of biography. That it is amusing we cannot deny; but we must withhold from it the palm of approbation.

The consummate pride and intolerable vanity of this narrative are truly ludicrous; nor can we satisfactorily depend on the truth or the series of events here related. The object of the author is, most probably, to excite the public commiseration by a recital of adverse circumstances, which, in his opinion, the greatness of his military exploits ought to have prevented. But in this
slippery

slippery state great folks are peculiarly exposed; and indeed they experience (to use the *elegant phraseology* of the title-page) "alternate vicissitudes of splendour and misfortune!"

The *Preface* displays the spirit in which the work is written, and the reader will smile at the perusal of it:

"When any one offers his own memoirs to the world, it is very natural to ask what are his claims to the notice of the public? To this the author of the following sheets can justly reply, that perhaps there exists not another individual who has been so much the play-thing of fortune as himself; and he can boldly add, that few have been so unjustly calumniated. With shame he acknowledges that there have been parts of his life he can neither justify, nor means to defend; but this work, the truth of which rests not upon his own testimony only, but upon that of characters whom suspicion itself would not dare to doubt, will prove that his life has been by no means a series of disgraces.

"Such as it has really been, he lays it before the world, ready to receive from the impartial voice of the public that praise or that censure to which he may be found entitled.

"To the republic of letters he feels the necessity of apologizing for any inaccuracies which may be found in the composition. Born a soldier, though happy in an excellent education, the profession of arms engaged his entire soul; something must, therefore, be allowed for the production of one no way in the habit of writing beyond private correspondence or military orders. Besides, ever accustomed to execute his ideas with rapidity, he confesses his want of patience to touch, re-touch, and ponder, words and syllables; but though his periods may want that harmonious chime which amuses the ear, they shall never be deficient in truth and candour.

"The many exalted characters whose names are introduced in this work, will, the author trusts, excuse the freedom he has used with them; he has, indeed, had the honour of standing by their sides in the field of battle and in the drawing-room; and he hopes that not one of them will be ashamed of appearing along with him on paper.

"In

“ In some parts he has, however, suppressed some circumstances which, though highly honourable to himself, are nevertheless improper for publication ; but when his readers reflect, as he hopes they will have the goodness to do, that he has been entrusted with important state secrets, by the most potent princes in the world, they would, he is sure, consider him as far lost to all honour, indeed, should he suffer them to escape him, merely to gratify his own vanity.

“ Finally, should any material fact be mistated, which may easily happen to any one who writes from memory only, he will readily and thankfully rectify his mistake on being informed of it. Of those despicable scribblers, who, without knowledge of him or his history, have dared to publish their anonymous libels, he shall, at present, take very little notice ; though, perhaps, some future day he may recompense them as they deserve.”

The last chapter affords a curious specimen of the work itself ; and not being very long, we shall insert it. The *originality* of its contents is unquestionable !

“ At my arrival in town I was deposited in Tothil-Fields Bridewell, where I have ever since remained, to use the phraseology of the place, like a parcel left at an inn till called for. Here I have received the utmost politeness, and the most humane attention, from Mr. Fenwick, the Governor, and his family, who seem, in short, to be formed by nature for softening the rigours of captivity ; such, too, is the force of example, that the same humanity pervades all his servants, and guilt, though nothing human can divest it of its horrors and remorse, feels them as its worst evils, without the aggravation of tortures equally cruel, unnecessary, and impolitic.

“ Thus far has been, what we may call, the more serious part of my history ; and many of my readers will, perhaps, be much surprised at not finding it a counter-part to that of Jonathan Wild ; but, in truth, my life has rather consisted of serious, than of comic scenes, and my adventures, beside those already enumerated, are not, I hope, of a very criminal dye. I have, it is true, had a thousand hair-breadth escapes from bailiffs, and, among the rest, one or two laughable ones, which I shall relate ; but as to the trash sold by Kearsley as my history,

tory, I know nothing of it, farther, than that it is, with the exception of a very few instances, totally false, and where true, shamefully distorted. For instance, I was by him accused of having defrauded Lord Eardley, Lord Salisbury, and Messrs, Grimwood, Hudson, and Barret, all of whom lived in the same street; I sent to them to know if they had any charge against me, and received from each a certificate, acknowledging, that I never had cheated them, and that they had nothing to lay to my charge. I mean, not, however, to deny that I have neglected punctuality in my payments, and that when I wanted money, I have, without thinking how it would be paid, accepted the loan of a few guineas from any friend; taylor's have, likewise, found me not so ready to pay as to order; and thus I became acquainted with bailiffs.

"One of my best manœuvres to avoid them was, before my person was known to them, to pretend business in all the different spunging-houses: I thus knew their faces, and by the help of a good look-out, for a long time avoided them. One day, however, near Charing-cross, I was met in a hackney-coach by two bailiffs, who had a writ against me; as soon as I perceived them, I ordered the coachman to drive as fast as he possibly could into the Horse Guards, promising to take all consequences upon myself, and to give him a guinea for his trouble. The descendant of Jehu exerted his utmost skill, but without being able to prevent one from attempting to seize the horses, while the other attempted to storm the door; a dexterous application of the whip, however, made the post the former had taken very uneasy, and I repelled, as well as I could, the attacks of the other invader. Both clung, however, to the sides of the coach, till we drove altogether into the Horse Guards: there I leaped out, and having explained the matter to the officer then on duty, made a bow to the bailiffs, and walked through the Park, while they returned by the gate they had entered, amidst the laughter of all who beheld the scene.

"Another time, sitting at breakfast, I was attacked by three of them, and got off by the following stratagem: I then lived in Oxendon-street; and almost opposite to me lodged Lord (then the honourable Mr.) Semples, who bore a commission in the Guards; the similarity of names, as both were called Captain Semples, had occasioned many mistakes; but though

our

our names were alike, our circumstances differed widely; for he owed nobody a farthing, and I owed every body who would give me credit. As soon as these vultures of the law entered the room, they, with the usual etiquette, made me acquainted with the purport of their visit, and concluded, by giving me a very pressing invitation to a house kept by one of them. As I wished to decline this honour, I affected much surprize, and told them they must needs be mistaken, as I was in debt to nobody; they asked me if I was not Captain Semple? "Then gentlemen," said I, "the whole is cleared up, there is another Captain Semple lives in this street, I see him now," pointing at his lodgings, "looking through the window; and this is not the first, nor hardly the twentieth time, that I have been arrested for him; in short, his attornies, his duns, and his bailiffs, will force me to quit this street." I then professed myself perfectly ready to go with them, if they insisted upon it; but that I was quite wearied with such incessant visits of that nature; and must, for my own sake, bring any illegal act before a court of justice, that I might be rid of such plagues for the future. This puzzled the bailiffs, who, with some reluctance, went down stairs, and, at the door, enquired of the servant of the house, if there was *any other Captain Semple* in that street; she told him there was, and opening the door, pointed out to them the same house that I had done. This satisfied them, and I profited by the diversion thus made in my favour to escape, leaving my honourable namesake to settle the affair with them as he could. In a word, he was taken to a spunging-house, in spite of all his remonstrances, till the agent of the regiment released him; I have been told, he afterwards attempted a prosecution against the bailiff, but it appearing that no wanton use had been made of the writ, and that the mistake was almost unavoidable, he obtained no satisfaction.

"Another time Colonel—— had the misfortune to be arrested, and two *good sureties* being demanded, I undertook to procure them for my old friend and companion. Two were accordingly found; but, alas! notwithstanding they swore positively, they were not credited, and we were forced to come again into court next day; then, however, we succeeded, for having procured a *new face*, I dressed one of the former (a Jew, who sold slippers about the streets) in such a manner, that

that he was no longer recognised by the court, and we came off triumphant.

"This dexterity in avoiding the common course of law, however, eventually cost me dear; I was so well known for out-witting bailiffs, that there was hardly one who would undertake to arrest me; and this it was, as I am well convinced, that induced Mr. Lycett to proceed against me criminally. In consequence of this ambiguity thrust into the law, nobody knows how, men are intrapped; and, if carried to its extent, there may soon be no impossibility in taking an insolvent merchant from the Royal Exchange, and sending him to New South Wales.

"I now return to the subject of my more serious business; and here I must beg my readers' patience till I lay before them a concise view of my vicissitudes. Born of an antient and noble race, but not possessed of riches equal to their rank, I naturally imbibed ideas of a too lofty kind; flattered in my youth by my rich and powerful friends, I formed to myself plans of future grandeur; plans, which my impetuosity of disposition prevented me from realising. With abundance of fire, and not a single atom of prudence, I launched into the world; my friends supplied me with money even to profusion; and as I got it without trouble, I spent it without reluctance. Liberal as they were, my extravagance outstripped their bounty, and I was repeatedly involved in debt; still their purses were not shut; they satisfied my creditors, and, with shame I relate, their generosity only impelled me to new expences!

"Accustomed, from my earliest infancy, to the most elevated society, my ideas imperceptibly assimilated themselves to theirs. I entertained views of grandeur while yet a child, I felt myself born a soldier, and implicitly trusted to my sword for opening to me the way to the temple of glory. When little beyond the age of a school-boy, I was distinguished by the most renowned generals; I had seen the immense armies of Russia clothed in an uniform of my own contriving, and the celebrated Prince Potemkin had, as is well known, honoured me with particular marks of his approbation. Flattering as are the distinctions I received, I will not relate them all; but my reception by the Prince de Ligne was in a style of compliment too singular to be omitted.

"Coming to Brabant, on my return from the Black Sea, I had the honour of becoming acquainted with that great and most amiable Prince. To the utmost politeness, he super-added an invitation, in consequence of which I went to Antwerp, where his Highness then lay with a corps of the army, as the Emperor Joseph II. then threatened to attack Holland. Such was the opinion of my military talents, which this veteran soldier entertained, that in compliment, he ordered his regiment, which was certainly one of the finest in the world, to parade before the hotel where I lodged: not satisfied with this, though he was an old Imperial General, and I was a very young Major, he placed me at his right-hand, and went with me along the front. The very instant too that I was receiving this most honourable and pleasing compliment, as if every thing meant to conspire to inflate my vanity, Earl Cholmondeley, with another gentleman and a lady, arrived at the *Grand Laboureur*, the hotel where I was.

"A constant repetition of those praises might have intoxicated a much cooler head than mine; my pride had now its full scope; I was already in idea a general in chief; my brain teemed with improvements in tactics and evolutions, till my expences so far out-grew my income, that I was involved in debt and difficulties.

"Even when I was disgraced at home, I was admitted to the favour and familiarity of the first generals upon the Continent: what their opinion of me was, the following anecdote will shew. Just after I had joined the allied army in the Low Countries, a British General who knew me and my whole history, one day asked the Duke F. of Brunswick, how he, knowing my disgrace, and that I had just come from France, could put such confidence in me? "Were I a taylor, or a boot-maker," replied the Duke, "I certainly should be somewhat cautious in giving him *credit*, but as a soldier I know that I might safely trust him with the whole Prussian army."

"Of my sufferings, since I left the allies, I need not say another word; my readers are fully acquainted with them, and I cannot submit to the whining tone of complaint. I have, I trust, amidst them all, acted in such a manner as to give my friends no reason to blush for me; my actions were such as I thought my duty required, though I cannot help thinking myself somewhat hardly treated, at being left for
near

near six months in a prison, without even the smallest allowance for subsistence.

“ I have now performed what I promised, by giving my own history, such as it has really been ; and the reader has, I hope, seen, amidst all my errors, something that may be commended, much that may be pardoned, and still more that must be pitied. That I meant to vindicate every part of my conduct could not be supposed ; but, alas ! man is the creature of circumstances, and let him not presume to expect, that no pressure is heavy enough to drive him to a wrong action. Violent passions, the almost inseparable companions of a vigorous constitution, call upon youth, with an importunity nearly unceasing ; experience, the surest guide, is inevitably wanting ; example invites, splendour displays its allurements, fashion leads the way, and ruin too often follows. Gay, honest, unsuspecting, and generous, the young man rushes on to pleasure, and considering interest as trash, is apt to weigh the property of others as lightly as he does his own ; amusements incur expence, and expence degenerates into prodigality. To supply those pleasures now become almost necessary to his existence, he contracts debts, which he cannot pay ; he shifts from his creditors ; his gay companions forsake him, as an incumbrance on their joyous moments ; poverty stares him in the face, and actions, at which his soul recoils, become the only possible means of subsisting. If an accidental supply falls in his way, his relish for pleasure returns ; he embraces it with an appetite sharpened by abstinence ; he is again involved, and disgrace succeeds to ruin.

“ Once disgraced, those *prudent* friends, whom the law alone restrains from open plunder, abandon him ; they do worse, they shut the door of society against him by their calumnies ; his faults are the theme of their conversation, and they shelter their own want of honesty behind his loss of fame ; they hunt him down with unceasing clamour, till it needs more than common discernment and common firmness even to dare to befriend him ; his timid well-wishers will not venture to give their countenance to him ; and he is left to perish !

“ Did it always happen that men of warm passions, hurried away by pleasures, were villains ; or did it always happen that the cold, the solemn, the phlegmatic, were honest ; some

excuse might be found for such prosecutions. But as it happens on the contrary, that the man who is without vices is also, for the most part, without virtues; and that prudence is very often nothing better than low selfishness in disguise, little can be said for such gratuitous severity; besides, if one good action is not sufficient to constitute the man of worth, why should one bad one be allowed to constitute the villain? A serious turn, the effect of experience, may reclaim the libertine, his unruly passions may subside, and he may, if the gate of society be left open to him, some time or other, re-enter; but, if hunted into villainy, by the clamours of hypocrisy, the die is cast, and his perdition is inevitable.

“Too often do talents and accomplishments prove the ruin of the owner; he is beset by the envy of little minds, they endeavour to reduce him to their own level, by drawing him into debauches; they flatter him while in his presence, but no sooner is he gone than they revile him: if his intimacy with them can give probability to their tales, they fabricate calumnies which pass for truths; if he makes one false step, he falls unpierced, and they are the first to trample upon him.

“It is a trite observation, that men of talents are generally poor, and seldom rise to any high preferment; it is true! for if they depend solely on their merit, no sooner does that begin to display itself, than it is invested on all sides by an army of blockheads, who, having no merit of their own, cannot bear it in others. But where a youth sets out with high spirits, conspicuous talents, indulgent friends, and a small fortune, his ruin is next to inevitable; life is to him a perpetual ambuscade, with a thousand masked batteries ready to play upon him at every turn; his vanity is flattered, his senses amused, his companions press him to become the partaker of their pleasures, his enemies endeavour to entice him to destruction; he yields himself up to gaiety and expence, till at length he falls, and dunces rise on his ruin.”

Tradesmen, we doubt not, must wish that Major Semple, and *gentlemen* of his description, might never come abroad into society! For our own part, we mean him no ill, but we are sorry to perceive that repentance has not visited him during the several stages of his confinement. Even when called upon by the officers of justice,

justice, in order to convey him to Botany Bay, he *stabbed* himself, though it did not prove mortal. What a state of mental degradation must such a scene have exhibited ! What may be the present determination of government respecting him, it is impossible to say ; but perhaps the remainder of his sentence will not be put in execution. He seems to be possessed of some kind of talents, and should he be liberated, we sincerely hope that he may reform his past conduct and become an useful member of society.

Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society. By Robert Hall. A. M. 2s. Conder.

THE progress of Infidelity has, for some time, been a matter of serious concern to the best friends of the community. No stone has been left unturned for the purpose of shaking the faith and corrupting the morals of the rising generation. On the continent scepticism is notorious ; and even in this country attempts are daily making to throw the advocates of religion into disorder and confusion. Under such circumstances it becomes ministers of talents to come forward and repel with ability efforts designed to involve our best hopes and expectations in one common destruction. It is time that the fallacy of the unbeliever's arguments should be pointed out, and, above all, that the practical tendency of infidelity should be depicted in its true colours. Unbelief is equally hostile to God and man !

After these observations, it only remains that we say that the work before us forms an admirable preservative from infidelity. The ingenious author indeed, has principally directed his shafts against atheism, which was once nearly declared to be the creed of a neighbouring kingdom. Nor are there wanting persons, even

in this country, who lost to reason and sensibility, impiously proclaim their shame in their rejection of a Deity. Yet these beings profess rationality, and claim the title of philosophers. Alas ! how, in the eighteenth century are reason and philosophy prostituted ?

Mr. Hall is already known by his excellent answer to Mr. John Clayton, and his able Apology for the Freedom of the Press. He now appears in the more appropriate character of the Divine, and has acquitted himself with singular ability. Our little work, indeed, is not professedly theological ; but we shall, nevertheless, bring forward any publication which tends, in an eminent degree, to advance the cause of Christianity. The interests of religion and society are closely interwoven, one golden band unites them together, nor will the real friend of humanity attempt their separation.

We shall transcribe one extract, which cannot fail to strike the reader—on the tendency of *Modern Infidelity*—the passage speaks for itself :

“ Two consequences, the most disastrous to society, will inevitably follow the general prevalence of a system of infidelity ; the frequent perpetration of great crimes, and the total absence of all great virtues.

“ 1. In those conjunctures which tempt avarice or inflame ambition, when a crime flatters with the prospect of impunity, and the certainty of immense advantage, what is to restrain an Atheist from its commission ? To say that remorse will deter him, is absurd ; for remorse, as distinguished from pity, is the sole offspring of religious belief, the extinction of which is the great purpose of the infidel philosophy.

“ The dread of punishment or infamy from his fellow creatures, will be an equally ineffectual barrier, because crimes are only committed under such circumstances as suggest the hope of concealment ; not to say that crimes themselves will soon lose their infamy and their horror, under the influence of that system which destroys the sanctity of virtue, and converts it into a low calculation of worldly interest. Here the sense of an ever-present Ruler and of an avenging Judge, is of the most awful and indispensable necessity, as it is that alone which im-

presses

presses on all crimes the character of folly, shews that duty and interest in every instance coincide, and that the most prosperous career of vice, the most brilliant successes of criminality, are but an *accumulation of wrath against the day of wrath*.

"As the frequent perpetration of great crimes is an inevitable consequence of the diffusion of sceptical principles, so to understand this consequence in its full extent, we must look beyond their immediate effects, and consider the disruption of social ties, the destruction of confidence, the terror, suspicion and hatred, which must prevail in that state of society in which barbarous deeds are familiar. The tranquillity which pervades a well-ordered community, and the mutual good offices which bind its members together, is founded on an implied confidence in the indisposition to annoy, in the justice, humanity and moderation of those among whom we dwell; so that the worst consequence of crimes is, that they impair the stock of public charity and general tenderness. The dread and hatred of our species would infallibly be grafted on a conviction that we were exposed, every moment, to the furies of an unbridled ferocity, and that nothing but the power of the magistrate preserved us from the daggers of assassins. In such a state, laws deriving no support from public manners, are unequal to the task of curbing the fury of the passions, which, from being concentrated into selfishness, fear and revenge, acquire new force; terror and suspicion beget cruelty, and inflict injuries by way of prevention; pity is extinguished in the stronger impulse of self-preservation; the tender and generous affections are crushed, and nothing is seen but the retaliation of wrongs, the fierce and unmitigated struggle for superiority. This is but a faint sketch of the incalculable calamities and horrors we must expect, should we be so unfortunate as ever to witness the triumph of modern infidelity.

"2. This system is as foil as barren of great and sublime virtues as it is prolific in crimes. By great and sublime virtues are meant, those which are called into action on great and trying occasions, which demand the sacrifice of the dearest interests and prospects of human life, and sometimes of life itself; the virtues, in a word, which by their rarity and splendour draw admiration, and have rendered illustrious the character of patriots, martyrs, and confessors. It requires but little reflection to perceive, that whatever veils a future world,
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and contracts the limits of existence within the present life, must tend, in a proportionable degree, to diminish the grandeur and narrow the sphere of human agency.

“As well might you expect exalted sentiments of justice from a professed gamester, as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the present moment, and who stakes the whole happiness of his being on the events of this vain and fleeting life. If he is ever impelled to the performance of any great achievements in a good cause, it must be solely by the hope of fame; a motive which, besides that it makes virtue the servant of opinion, usually grows weaker at the approach of death, and which, however it may surmount the love of existence in the heat of battle, or in the moment of public observation, can seldom be expected to operate with much force on the retired duties of a private station.

“In affirming that infidelity is unfavourable to the higher class of virtues, we are supported as well by facts as by reasoning. We should be sorry to load our adversaries with unmerited reproach; but to what history, to what record, will they appeal for any traits of moral greatness, any sacrifice of interest or life, any instances of daring heroic virtues exhibited by their disciples? Where shall we look for the trophies of irrefragable magnanimity, or atheistical virtue? Not that we mean to accuse them of inactivity; they have recently filled the world with the fame of their exploits; exploits of a different kind indeed, but of imperishable memory and disastrous lustre.

“Though it is confessed, great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must, from their nature, be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their cultivation. They are important, both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save, and always illustrate, the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; arrest the progress of degeneracy; and diffuse a lustre over the paths of life. They are noble monuments of the greatness of the human soul; and present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from whence streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration, by the pen of histo-

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rians and poets, excites a noble emulation, and awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence.

“Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds, with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society, which completes the degradation of the species; the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where every thing that is good is mean and stunted in its growth, and every thing evil is rank and luxuriant; a sickening uniformity prevails, and the soul asserts its native grandeur only in volcanic eruptions of anarchy and crime.”

We wish that this pamphlet may be extensively circulated and attentively perused. In charity to many unbelievers, especially of the younger class, we may apply, in the true spirit of our religion, the inimitable prayer of its author for his enemies—*Father, forgive them, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!*

Natural History for the Use of Schools, founded on the Linnæan Arrangement of Animals, with popular Descriptions, in the Manner of Goldsmith and Buffon, illustrated by Thirty-eight Copperplates, representing One hundred and Fifty of the most Curious Objects. By William Mavor, L. L. D. Hurst. 4s. 6d.

THE subject of natural history is well adapted to open the understandings and impress the hearts of the rising generation. Amidst the innumerable objects presented to us in the works of creation, it is proper that the most curious should attract the attention. This is the object of the present work, and we are of opinion that the object is attained.

The plates are tolerably well executed, but the descriptions are too laconic. After all, we confess, that *Goldsmith's Animated Nature* is one of the best books for schools. As for Miss More's squeamish remarks on

on that work, we pronounce them unjust; for when we read that publication we were struck with its merit, and do not recollect any observations which might offend the most refined delicacy.

The predicted Stability and Permanence of Christianity, illustrated by Historic Testimony, a Sermon delivered at Salter's Hall, November 3, 1799, to the Supporters of the Sunday Evening Lecture at that Place, and published at their Request. By Thomas Morgan. Johnson. 1s. 6d.

THE author has here taken an ample survey of the page of history in favour of the Christian religion. Several important facts are detailed; and judiciously improved. No unprejudiced mind can read this excellent discourse without feeling his hopes derived from the Christian religion, enlivened and invigorated. In these times such views of the subject are highly necessary; they demonstrate that our religion is not a cunningly devised fable, but that it proceeds from, and is every way worthy of the Supreme Being. For want of enlarged sentiments we are often disposed to cavil at those very dispensations of Providence which are conducive to our best interests and most permanent prosperity. The great series of events, however unpromising in its aspect at particular periods, is still, and ever will be, operating towards our ultimate felicity.

The Balnea, or an impartial Description of all the Popular Watering Places in England. By George Saville Carey. Second Edition, considerably enlarged. West. 2s. 6d.

WE cannot deny the praise of variety to this volume, for it contains a sketch of Margate, Ramsgate, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Little Hampton,

ton, Bognor, Southampton, Lymington, Weymouth, Bath, Bristol Hot Wells, Cheltenham, Malvern, Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough, Tynmouth, and Yarmouth. The book may do well enough to pass away an idle hour; but we cannot compliment the author on the *impartiality* of his descriptions. The Methodists, for instance, will prefer a heavy complaint, for wherever they are mentioned, it is with abhorrence and contempt. In a work of this complexion, no prejudices of any kind should have been admitted.

There is also an affectation of wit and originality running through this publication, with which readers of taste will be displeased. Simplicity is the divine charm by which style is heightened and improved. We would recommend young authors to clothe their ideas in plain and expressive language, equally remote from negligence and excessive study. *Proper words in proper places* was Dean Swift's definition of a good style; and of the truth of the definition, his own style furnishes the best exemplification; he indeed disdained ornament, but exhibits an uniform neatness and a lucid perspicuity.

Review of Poetry, Ancient and Modern, a Poem. By Lady M. Booth. 2s. 6d.

THIS, we understand, is the production of Lady Manners, and reflects great credit both on her taste and understanding. It is addressed to her son, and the introduction contains lines beautifully expressive of parental affection—

“Object of my fondest care,
Mid whose gay and childish air,
Pleas'd attention can descry
Reason's dawning brightness nigh;
While she, with delighted view,
Marks thy cheek of rosy hue,

Marka

Marks thine eye, whose vivid light,
Shine than orient gems more bright;
Marks thy brows serenely bold,
Crown'd with locks of waving gold,
While an inexpressive charm,
More than features, more than form,
Which no pencil e'er could trace,
Heightens every infant grace!"

Her Ladyship then proceeds to sketch the poets of ancient and modern times with peculiar felicity.

We can safely declare, that whilst the verse is elegant and easy, so the portraits of the sons of the muses are executed with fidelity.

We shall be tempted in our next Number, to select a specimen from this pleasing performance; such a specimen also will enrich our Miscellany.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Communications of J. M.—of U. and of R. B. shall be inserted in the GARLAND; as to the *Essay on Truth*, its too figurative for our MISCELLANY. Lines on a *Goldfinch*, and on a *Pen*, are too prosaic for insertion, though the sentiments meet our approbation. We wish *Sophia* to favour us with more of her Productions.

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Beilby Porteus,
LORD BISHOP, of LONDON.

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